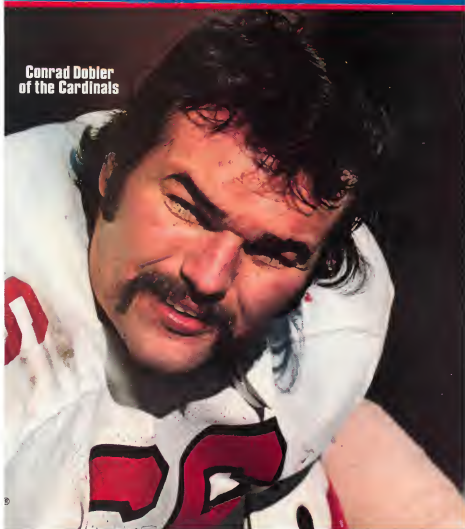


# Sports Illustrated

JULY 25, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

## SWIMMING POLITICS

Next month a U.S. swimming team is scheduled to compete in dual meets in East Germany and Russia. The coach was to be Doc Counsilman, the famed Indiana University coach who directed our men swimmers in the Montreal Olympics. But the AAU has announced it is dismissing Counsilman. Why? Because he went to South Africa last fall and conducted clinics—for white and black coaches. The Fédération Internationale de Natation, to which the U.S. belongs and which opposes sports contacts with South Africa because of the government's apartheid policy, has suspended Counsilman from any international competition until September 1979.

Said Counsilman, "It would be easier for everybody if I just quietly stepped aside." But he is not going to; indeed, he is threatening to sue the AAU to be restored as coach for the East Germany-Russia swimming meets. He has this suggestion: "The AAU could say, 'If you don't take our coach, you won't get our team.' I think coaches have to stop being made sacrificial lambs just to keep up goodwill with all of the foreign sports associations."

Counsilman contends there have been other occasions when nations have stood up to the international organization and won, and that this could and should be one of the times. "It is typical of American politics that we always back off and never take a stand," he asserts.

It may be argued that Counsilman is putting himself above the sport by contemplating actions that could torpedo the competitions. But the truth may be that the AAU has meekly yielded to a bluff in its anxiety not to rock the boat and perhaps deprive U.S. swimmers of valuable international competition.

Says Counsilman, "I don't think the Russians should be allowed to select the coach of the U.S. team."

Counsilman is clearly right in principle (he says he went to South Africa as a private citizen and not as a representative

of the AAU or any other group). At the very least, the AAU should mount a spirited defense in his behalf.

## LOSERS

Usually if you put \$2 on a 50-to-1 shot, you tear up your ticket after the race. But last week at the Atlantic City race-track, every loser had a chance to, well, lose even bigger. In an effort to show some appreciation and recognition of its also-rans, the track offered a number of prizes. They were enough to dampen any loser's hopes of winning. The top prize was a 1959 Edsel and it went to Mrs. Juliet Perri of Philadelphia, who was absolutely underwhelmed.

For other (un)lucky losers who selected the post positions of horses finishing last by the most lengths (racegoers filled out cards with their choices but bet no money), additional plums included a crate of lemons; a free tow off the Walt Whitman Bridge; a BORN TO LOSE tattoo applied to either arm; a pair of tickets to the 1978 Super Bowl (providing Philadelphia is in it) and a one-way trip to San Clemente.

## NO ACADEMIC HAMSTRINGS

Houston McCear, co-holder of the hand-timed 100-yard-dash world record of 9.0, is showing some foot in the classrooms of Santa Monica (Calif.) City College. Not only did he pass Afro-Dance during his first academic year, but he earned an A for track, which somehow seems justified.

## THE LONGEST MATCH

Last year, Bill Austin, tennis pro at the Club Continental in Orange Park, Fla., broke his neck in a car wreck, and doctors thought his walking days might be over, not to mention his tennis days. This month, Bill Austin, 35, played tennis for 103 hours, 23 minutes, eclipsing the former world record by more than three hours.

Club members paid \$10 an hour to provide the continuing competition (pro-

ceeds went to the American Cancer Society) and to savor the joy of beating their own pro—sometimes. Austin's record for the 1,835 games was 1,236 wins, 599 losses. Under the rules, he was entitled to a five-minute break each hour.

Is so much tennis fun? Says Austin, "Not at all. I certainly don't advise anyone to do it."

## SORELY

The people who run the Atlanta International Raceway have decided to try an experiment. For their Dixie 500 on Nov. 6, there will be a special section for non-drinkers. The idea came from fan response to a questionnaire: many expressed disgust with high-spirited fellow spectators.

Bobby Batson of Atlanta International says, "Race fans can get pretty obnoxious if they've been drinking all day." Atlanta newspaper columnist Lewis Griz-



zard suggests that tipplers detected in the no-booze zone have their Confederate flags burned and be declared ineligible for the Cate Yarborough look-alike contest after the race.

Bob Hope, spokesman for the Atlanta Braves, was reminded that he once got a suggestion that the Braves should "divide the stadium into two sides—one for the decent people and one for the indecent folks."

## GUARANTEED ACTION

Chris Ault, football coach at the University of Nevada, Reno, is telling everyone who will listen, "We'll play this fall with enthusiasm and reckless abandon."

continued

don." That's O.K. Summer football talk is cheap. But then he adds, "And if you go to a game and don't think we played with enthusiasm, we'll give you your money back."

With 8,000 fans at \$4 a head expected for each contest, a game could be a \$32,000 debacle if hustle content is low, the seven-game home season a potential \$224,000 disaster. Says Ault, "I just know we aren't going to fail."

Even in depressed moments he only allows himself to think of "maybe one or two" refunds. To get money back, a disgruntled ticket-holder must report to Ault's office Monday morning and explain to the coach what was wrong. But what if 1,000 people are waiting at Ault's door some Monday? "That's no problem at all," he says, "because I will have already been fired."

#### WAITING FOR BRAD

The name Brad Maxwell may not mean much to many, but it means nearly everything to the Minnesota North Stars of the NHL and the Birmingham Bulls of the competing WHA. And the other day there was plenty of competition.

It began when Maxwell took a plane from Vancouver to Birmingham to talk terms with the Bulls. In the meantime his agent, Bill Watters, had informed the North Stars that the 20-year-old defenseman would have a two-hour layover in Chicago en route. Perhaps, said Watters, the North Star brass would like to feast their eyes on a kid who might win somebody a Stanley Cup someday. The North Stars' president, general manager and treasurer all discovered they had nothing better to do that particular evening than to go to Chicago.

Maxwell was three hours late getting to Chicago. From time to time Watters would say, "If we can work out a deal, there is no reason for Maxwell to go to Birmingham at all." Then things would sag and Watters would say, "I guess we're going to have to go to Birmingham." The Minnesotans hated that idea, for they feared the size of the Birmingham bankroll. By the time Maxwell showed up, the deal was made and all Brad had to do was sign a three-year contract worth an estimated \$275,000, shake a few hands and return home.

In Alabama, meanwhile, the vigil continued. The mayor was ready with the keys to the city, a helicopter was standing by to show Brad the wonders of the

Southern countryside, telegrams were from such Alabama celebrities as Kenny Stabler, Huie Green, Johnny Musso and George Wallace. And oh, yes, Miss Alabama, Julia Houston, was poised to join Maxwell for dinner at Birmingham's best, The Club.

As impartial observers, we have no opinion on which team young Maxwell should have joined, but we can't help but wish he would at least have visited Birmingham and met Miss Alabama. Who knows what that would have led to.

#### FLEXIBILITY

"Baseball players," says Philadelphia Phillie Phanther Jay Johnstone, "are probably in the worst condition of any professional athletes." Part of the problem is they don't want to lift weights and get bulky. Rather, they want to be flexible. So some teams have flexibility coaches.

At Philadelphia he is Gus Hoefling, who used to perform the same task with the football Eagles. But the path to flexibility is strenuous. Says Hoefling in an interview in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, "We take every muscle to momentary failure." While doing this, he suddenly probes around an athlete's throat. "Some guys say they can't stand any more. But maybe they can. So when I feel the trachea collapse, I know they've really finally reached their limit."

Gus' own limits are well known. He lies on the floor and lets people stand on his neck. Which attracts a certain amount of attention at parties.

#### SEW'S OMEN

Triple Crowns for horses are rare (only 10 in history); so are Tulane football victories over LSU. Perhaps it is fitting, therefore, that the events seem to be linked. Tulane has had only two wins over the bullies from Baton Rouge since 1943—in 1948 when Citation won the Triple Crown, and in 1973 when Secretariat won.

Now with Seattle Slew's Triple this year, Tulane Coach Larry Smith is buoyed: "I've always been superstitious. I believe in good signs and bad signs."

At LSU, where the Tigers hold a huge 48-19-7 all-time advantage over Tulane, Coach Charley McClendon counters, "A horse race will not determine the outcome of our game with Tulane."

Tune in when the teams go to the post Nov. 19.

#### RIDE 'EM

Since the 1930s there have been at least four major attempts to establish a professional rodeo league. None came close to making the whistle.

Undaunted, a California-based group is putting together teams in six cities (franchise cost: \$75,000) from K.C. to L.A. with the intention of starting competition next March. Annual operating costs are estimated at \$350,000 to \$500,000 per team. Each team will have 13 competitors (10 men, three women) with a minimum salary of \$6,000 each for a six-month season.

But there are problems. It is generally not satisfactory, for example, to convert sports based on individual prowess into team efforts. And when you talk of individuals, cowboys top the list. They are just not good at details, like showing up in the right city on the right night. Also, the stock used in rodeos is highly inconsistent. Some brones and bulls buck, others don't, and even an extraordinary cowboy can't win if he draws a lackadaisical critter. These variables would work against equitable team competition.

Still, exhibiting a gambling, frontier spirit, Michael Shapiro, one of the investors, says, "We did not want to create another rodeo league to see it die." Which is what every promoter says who has ever sent an idea out of the chute.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Don Sutton, Dodger pitcher, told by Manager Tom Lasorda to "hang in there" after a loss to Cincinnati: "I've got to. I can't dance of sing, and we've already got a pitching coach."
- Bud Adams, Houston Oilers owner, after years of watching his offensive linemen move on the wrong count, on the signing of first draft choice Morris Towns: "Morris was an engineering major at Missouri. It'll be nice to have a lineman who understands arithmetic."
- Steve Garvey, on the gentlemanly conduct of Al Downing, his Dodger teammate: "If Al were dining alone, he'd still use his butter knife."
- Joe Morgan, to Joaquin Andujar, after the Houston pitcher picked the Reds' star base stealer off first time in one game: "That's the first time that ever happened to me, Joaquin. The next time I face you I'm going to steal second, I'm going to steal third, I'm going to steal home. Then I'm going to steal your underwear."

END





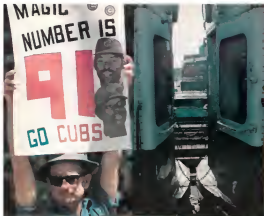
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CHI,  
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MY!

by Peter Gammons

*The toddlin' town is going bananas over baseball even though, except for imported sluggers Richie Zisk and Bobby Murcer, the rosters of the White Sox and the Cubs consist of "Who are these guys?" The reason is, those perennial Chicago losers have been holding down first place in their respective divisions, and Chicagoans are daring to dream of an intracity World Series in October. If it happens, Harry Caray will be there to describe it, but it might be too cold for any outdoor showers*

CONTINUED

9

The journey begins on the platform of the Addison Street El station, a block from Wrigley Field. "Here lie the Cubs, July 10, 1977—St. Louis 8, Chicago 3," reads graffiti scribbled across a platform billboard. Beneath that, someone else has written, "Have patience and hope, there's a little Don Young in all of us." All aboard.

The B train winds noisily among the red brick apartment buildings and the green parks of the North Side, then plunges underground before it reaches the Loop. At State and Lake you change trains and board the Dan Ryan Express, which slowly grinds away from the Loop and works south past the railroad tracks and warehouses before reaching the stop called Sox-35th, a block from Comiskey Park. All out, please.

Traveling in either direction, the trip takes 25 minutes and costs 50¢. In their wildest dreams these days, Chicago's long-suffering baseball diehards see

themselves shuttling between Addison Street and Sox-35th in mid-October to watch the Cubs play the White Sox in the first all-Chicago World Series since 1906. Don't laugh. When the major leagues broke for the three-day All-Star Game recess last Sunday, the amazing Cubs and the amazing White Sox both were in first place, the Cubs holding a two-game lead over defending champion Philadelphia in the National League East and the White Sox maintaining a 2½-game margin over defending champion Kansas City in the American League West.

Not bad for two teams that once again were supposed to stagger through their annual "rebuilding" seasons. Instead, they have turned Chicago into the Disney World of baseball. Up at Wrigley Field the bleachers are filled by 10:30 a.m., and the mere appearance of a Cubbie—be it star Rebel Pitcher Bruce Sutter or backup Catcher Steve Swisher—through the doors in the left field corner generates a standing ovation. Down at Comiskey Park the Sox fans, hyped to a frenzy by volcanic broadcaster Harry Caray, stand up and cheer slugger Richie Zisk even when he strikes out, and they routinely scream long and loud until home-run hitters emerge from the dugout for bows. "Superstars have that hap-



Sox Shortstop Alan Banister is having 314

pen to them maybe once in a career, and I, Jim Spencer, had it happen to me twice in one game," marvels the White Sox' first baseman.

Baseball fever has seized the city. "Can't I hear anything but baseball baseball baseball?" a man asks his wife in Gritzbe's restaurant. The Chicago Tribune attributes a circulation jump of almost 10,000 newspapers a day mainly to the city's baseball lunacy. White Sox attendance is up 5,840 a game, the Cubs' 5,441, and at their present rate they easily will combine to attract more than the Chicago-record 2.67 million fans who watched them in 1973.

"What's happening here in Chicago is a phenomenon wilder than anything I could have imagined," says White Sox owner Bill Veck. "People naturally love underdogs, but even more important is the fact that the people of Chicago are starved for a winner."

Over the years both the White Sox and the Cubs have played cruel tricks on their followers. Both Chicago teams were in first place in their respective divisions on June 29, 1973, but at the first mention of an intracity World Series they collapsed, both finishing with losing records. In 1969 Leo Durocher's Cubs did a complete El Foldo for the New York Mets, and in 1967 Eddie Stanky's White Sox managed to lose their last five games and blow the pennant to the miracle Red



Shortstop Ivan deJesus has ignited the once porous Cub media and is batting a productive 268

Sox. The White Sox won their last pennant in 1959, the Cubs their last one in 1945, and neither team has won a World Series since the White Sox beat John McGraw's New York Giants in 1917.

On paper, at least, there seems little enough reason for Chicagoans to dream of a Series this October. The Cubs' four All-Star selections—Second Baseman Manny Trillo, Center-fielder Jerry Morales and Pitchers Sutter and Rick (the Whale) Reuschel—have reputations that until the last few weeks were confined solely to the North Side of Chicago. And the White Sox? Well, swear on a stack of Veech—As in Veech books that you knew Pitcher Francisco Burnos had six straight victories and a 9-3 record until the Red Sox beat him Saturday night, that Shortstop Alvin Bannister is third in the American League in base hits, that Designated Hitter Oscar Gamble has 18 home runs and that Pitchers Chris Knapp and Ken Kravec have a combined record of 14-6.

"I guess people look at the Chicago box scores and keep asking, 'Who are these guys?'" says White Sox General Manager Roland Hemond. Veech says, "I think our fans especially love this team because, by today's standards, it seems down and out, unsung and lower class." Told of Veech's thoughts, Spencer said, "You can say that again."

On the field there is little difference between the two Chicago teams. Both function with patchwork pitching staffs, renovated infields, surprisingly deep benches and without high-salaried free agents. Talentwise, both teams should finish no higher than fourth place. So why first place now?

"What happens in cases like this, when teams seem to come from nowhere, is that a majority of the players are having their best years," explains White Sox Pitcher Steve Stone, who worked for the Cubs last year. "I guess it's just called 'putting it all together.'"

The Cubs put it all together for the first 10 weeks of the schedule, and by June 28 they had opened an 8½-game lead on the second-place Cardinals and Phillies. Then, maybe with visions of Don Young in their dreams—that rookie centerfielder cost the Cubs a loss to the Mets in the fury of the 1969 pennant race when he misplayed a fly ball, thus earning forever



They didn't recognize Herman Franks in Philadelphia

the wrath of Leo Durocher—they began to slump and lost 13 of 19 through the All-Star break. For five days last week everything went wrong for the Cubs.

On Tuesday night in New York, Catcher George Mitterwald hit a two-run homer in the top of the seventh to

give Reuschel, at the time the league's winningest pitcher with a 12-3 record, a 2-1 lead. But Reuschel quickly yielded the tying run to the Mets, and in the bottom of the eighth, Sutter, the league's best reliever with a 5-1 record, 24 saves and a 1.11 ERA, lost the game when he fed a gopher pitch to rookie Outfielder Steve Henderson.

The next night the Cubs were leading the Mets 2-1 in the sixth inning when the lights at Shea Stadium suddenly flickered and then went out. The New York blackout forced suspension of the game, and the Cubs had to shower and dress in a dark locker room, return to the darkened city by bus and—candles in hand—walk as many as 16 flights of stairs to their hotel rooms, all of which were without air conditioning, of course.

continued

His fingers outside the seams, Bruce Sutter prepares to unleash his wicked split-fingered fastball



The next morning the Cubs played poker and carried their luggage down the stairs to the lobby, prompting Pitcher Pete Broberg to complain, "I've got a new disease—luggage elbow." They bussed back to Shea Stadium and dressed again in the dark, only to be told that the suspended game and the regularly scheduled game had been postponed. Next a one-way bus trip to Philadelphia where they lost a doubleheader to the Phillies Friday night. Their once cushy lead now was just two games.

On Saturday afternoon the Cubs had bus troubles getting from their hotel to the stadium, and once they arrived, the gate attendant at first refused to admit Herman Franks because he didn't look like a manager. For all their troubles, though, the Cubs finally had something to be happy about as they beat the Phillies 9-8 on pinch hitter Greg Gross' three-run triple and some strong relief pitching by the ubiquitous Sutter.

"Right now Sutter's the MVP in the National League," says Swisher. Coach peanuts Lowrey says, "We may not have power or speed, but we've got him." The 24-year-old Sutter has pitched in 45 of Chicago's 48 games. While Franks obviously would prefer not to use Sutter with such regularity, he really has no choice. Aside from Reuschel, a sinker-

balling righthander who showed only brief flashes of promise in his first five seasons with the Cubs, Chicago does not have a dependable starter.

Like most effective relievers, Sutter relies on one special pitch. His is something called a "split-fingered fastball," and it seems to be a distant relation of the forkball once employed so successfully by Pittsburgh's Elroy Face. Sutter didn't have his split-fingered fastball when the Cubs spotted him pitching for the semi-pro Hippey's Raiders in Lancaster, Pa. in 1972 and signed him for a \$500 bonus. He didn't have it the next year, either, when Walt Dixon, his manager at Quincy, Ill., reported to the Cubs' minor league department: "When Bruce Sutter is ready for the big leagues, that will be the day the Communists take over."

It was then that Sutter encountered Fred Martin, the Cubs' minor league pitching instructor, and learned how to throw the pitch that, as he says, "has kept me from working the printing presses back home in Mt. Joy, Pa."

To throw his specialty, Sutter places his fingers outside the seams and releases the ball with the same motion he uses for his fastball and slider. By varying the pressure of his fingers, he can make the ball break anywhichway. "It comes up like a fastball for 55 feet," says Minter-

wald, "and then it explodes." Pitching Coach Barney Schultz says, "It's really a matter of Sutter being the perfect man with the perfect physique and delivery for the perfect pitch."

Sutter's split-fingered pitch breaks so radically that hitters now complain he throws a spitball. He labored with a knot in his right shoulder for most of the last two weeks, and during that time his pitch did not work very well. So Franks ordered Martin to join the Cubs immediately and give Sutter a refresher course in the split-fingered fastball. With Martin looking on, Sutter earned his 24th save in the 9-8 win over the Phillies on Saturday. However, Sutter complained that his shoulder was still knotted up, and he later decided to miss the All-Star Game.

Besides keeping the Cubs in first place, Sutter's superb performances also have helped keep the normally dour and snarling Franks in a state of semi-permanent good humor. The only manager who chews tobacco on the field and wears Brooks Brothers suits off it, Franks, who managed the San Francisco Giants from 1965 to 1968, left baseball after coaching for the Cubs in 1971 and made several more fortunes in the real estate and investment businesses he operates in Salt Lake City.

"Managing's what I love to do," Franks says. "Since I don't have to worry about anything, I can tell people what I want." For his first act, Franks assembled an infield that nobody expected to survive the first month of the season.

Steve Ontiveros at third base, Ivan deJesus at shortstop, Manny Trillo at second base and Larry Bittner or Bill Buckner at first base hardly has the ring of Tinker to Evers to Chance or even Santo, Kevenger, Beckert and Banks. But Ontiveros, who was acquired from the Giants along with Bobby Murcer in the Bill Madlock deal, is hitting .294 and has fielded better than even Franks had dreamed possible, while deJesus, who was acquired from the Dodgers along with Buckner in the Rick Monday deal, is hitting .268 and fielding brilliantly. Trillo, whose previous claim to fame was that Charlie Finley attempted to activate him to replace the "fired" Mike Andrews during the middle of the 1973 World Series, is hitting .304 now but was at .350 for almost three months, and he works easily with deJesus around second base. And Bittner and the oft-injured Buck-



Rock Reuschel is one of the AL's winningest pitchers at 12-3, while Chris Knapp is 0-4 for the Sox.

ner have double-teamed first base with eight home runs and 56 RBIs. "Everyone's a little tired right now," Sutter says, "but the All-Star break will enable us to catch our breath. We'll still win it."

O.K., now what about the White Sox? "I still don't think anyone outside of our fans believes what we've done," says Spencer. "I'd never have believed it in spring training, but I sure do now. There's some magic here."

Indeed, the 1977 Sox may be Veeck's greatest firm flim. At the trading deadline the financially strapped Veeck swapped unsigned Pitcher Ken Brett, then 6-4 for the White Sox, to the rich California Angels for three minor leaguers and \$400,000 in cash. Publicly, most of the Chicago players ripped Veeck for "selling off our chance at the pennant." So, a few weeks after that deal, the White Sox ran off nine straight victories and stormed into first place. And Brett? He is 0-4 for the Angels.

Earlier, Veeck had dumped unsigned Shortstop Bucky Dent on the Yankees, collecting Oscar Gamble and some 200,000 of George Steinbrenner's dollars in return. And before that he had sent \$100,000-a-year Relief Pitcher Clay Carroll to St. Louis for Lerrin LaGrow, a righthander whose career record was 16-41. LaGrow now has a 4-1 record with 16 saves and a 2.29 ERA.

Veeck's best move, though, was the deal that brought Richie Zisk, a real live major league hitter, from Pittsburgh in exchange for Pitchers Rich Gossage and



Second Baseman Jorge Orta does the job quietly in the field, loudly (19 home runs, 55 RBIs) at bat

Terry Forster. "We led the league in only one department last year—runners left in scoring position," says Veeck. "I didn't want that to happen again." Zisk is hitting .297 with 19 home runs and 63 RBIs for a team that used to be called the hitless wonders. Zisk still has not signed a contract with the White Sox, but with the money from the Brett and Dent deals in the bank Veeck no doubt will make his slugger an offer he can't refuse.

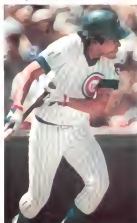
Maybe the other White Sox are using Zisk's bats, or maybe they're using magic, as Spencer suggests. Whatever they're doing, they trailed the Red Sox by only 1001 in American League team hitting. Jorge Orta, Ralph Garr, Lamar Johnson, Jim Evers and Eric Soderholm have batted near .300 all season, and Bannister, Dent's replacement at shortstop, has stayed near .315. Spencer has had two games with eight RBIs, and in one of them he played only four innings. Ev-

erett has not had a homer in four previous seasons, but during one four-game stretch he hit a home run in every game. When Zisk was hurt and missed a game, his replacement, Wayne Nordhagen, had four hits in five at bats.

For White Sox fans, though, the best news is that the pitching staff no longer is called the Missile Launchers. Knuckleballer Wilbur Wood has almost completely recovered from the knee surgery that sidelined him for a season, winning three of his last four starts. A healthy Wood, Veeck says, will take some of the pressure off the White Sox' young pitchers—Barriso, Kraviec and Knapp—during the dog days of August and the pennant-race days of September.

As for October? "There are two million people in Chicago," Veeck says, "who have been waiting all their lives to make that trip from Wrigley Field to Comiskey Park in October."

Mervyn Telfo's hot bat foiled the Cubs' hot start





## STEM TURN THROUGH THE TULIPS

*Who needs snow? Not these sports, who have discovered skiing on grass*



One day this will grow up into a big sport, they say, with international stars like Franz Klammer rolling recklessly down green slopes in their shorts. But for the 65 hardy pioneers who assembled at La Marquise Hill in Quebec last weekend, this was the first-ever North American Grass Ski Championships. You've got to start somewhere.

Grass skis are fiendish contraptions, sort of like Lilliputian tanks with giants standing on top of them. What makes them go—the world grass-ski speed record is said to be 50 mph—is a continuous nylon belt with plastic rollers slotted into a metal track, and with a





footplate featuring bindings that clamp onto ski boots. The sound of grass skis in full cry is an unnerving *clack, clack, clack* that, if nothing else, lets everybody know there is a racer on the course.

Despite the kidney-rattling crashes that enlivened the meet, competitor Horst Locher insisted that this was the best possible training for snow skiing. "You use all the same muscles," he said. "But here you need more of them." Locher ought to know: almost half the field represented Bryce Resort at Basye, Va., where Locher is ski-school director in winter and resident grass-ski whiz in summer. The next meet will be at Locher's place and, considering the embryonic state of the sport, could well be called the All-World Championships.

But organized slalom competitions (grass skiers pretty much agree they're not ready for downhill racing yet) are only one phase of the game. Already grass skiers are loose across the land, and the adventurous have discovered the joys of free-wheeling through slopes of tall grass, which they claim is better than winter's deep powder. Well, except for that awful *clack, clack, clack*.

—DAN LEVIN



# ZING GO THE STRINGS OF OUR HEARTS

*Not to mention the Nets and Apples. The courts in World Team Tennis are patchwork and so are other things, but no matter. Boasting Wimbledon champs, Russians and upbeat bosses, the league has made it to the ripe age of four* **by Joe Jares**

All right, failure fans, go ahead and chuckle about the blackout and chortle over those Ronald McDonald drinking glasses. Here's some disquieting news. We don't know how to break it to you—it is sort of like learning that some pip-squeak butt of barracks jokes is up for the Medal of Honor—but, well, World Team Tennis has actually survived. It might not be a rip-roaring success quite yet, but it lives, breathes and is getting the ball over the net.

WTT they call it for short. Some also call it silly, with its Loves, Apples, Racquets, Strings and other inanimate nicknames. Traditionalists blanch at its patchwork courts of red, blue, green and

chocolate brown and its one-two-three-four "no-ad" scoring. Then there is its habit of putting people like Frank Fuhrer, Jordan Kaiser and Larry King in the league president's chair. What is the WTT doing with a Fuhrer, Kaiser and King anyway?

WTT is in its fourth season and it has 10 teams. Eight of the original 16 franchises have survived; one team was added in 1975 and another this year. Overall attendance is up 13.5% so far this season, and based on past experience the rest of the season should be even better. The Golden Gate (Oakland) and Seattle-Portland are running 40% ahead of last year. New York and San Diego more

than 20% and Boston, Cleveland and Los Angeles about 15%. Even allowing for some padding and papering here and a slice of bologna there, more seats are being filled in every WTT arena and revenues are up sharply. A couple of owners insist they are actually winning without shouting distance of a profit. Most important, the WTT has talent. Jimmy Connors, Guillermo Vilas and some other top players are outside the fold, but it does have Wimbledon champ Bjorn Borg (Cleveland), Ilie Nastase (Los Angeles) and Vitas Gerulaitis (Indiana). And it boasts virtually all the better women, including Chris Evert (Phoenix) and New York Apples teammates Billie Jean King and Virginia Wade.

Some franchises are almost lavishly run. Los Angeles Strings General Manager Bart Christensen, for instance, has a staff of 12 full-time front-office workers. Others seem to be seat-of-the-pants operations, notably the Cleveland Nets, owned by bearded radio mogul Joe Zingale, a one-time disc jockey known in his platter-spinning days as "Of Mr. Rhythm." A cousin of erstwhile Cleveland sports czar Nick Mileti, he also owns pieces of the baseball Indians and basketball Cavaliers.

Zingale pretty much goes his own way. He would dearly love to sign transsexual Renee Richards, but the WTT brass won't allow her to play until she passes a sex test. Zingale's is the only franchise without a Xerox Telecopier to use for intraleague communication and the only one without a publicity director. However, his is also the only franchise that has Borg, whose salary is not very seat-of-the-pants at all. Only Chris Evert commands more money than Borg, but the Swede will pass her next season if he chooses to return. As the Cleveland posters say, A NETS STAR IS BORN.

"It took me four years to sign Bjorn Borg, and I mean that was working, baby, that was working," says Zingale. "I traveled all over the world. I traveled to Sweden, I traveled to London, I traveled all over the United States. Met with him

*After Cleveland's Borg won Wimbledon for him, ex-disc jockey Zingale came through with a vette*



each time and I'll tell ya somethin'. I paid my dues during all that period. But Bjorn came to know me. Came to know me as someone he could trust. It got so that I knew Bjorn as well as his agents did."

Once Zingale finally signed Borg and his girl friend, Mariana Simionescu of Romania, he pampered them.

"Just before he left for Wimbledon I got him off to the side and I said, 'Bjorn, I know you don't need any more incentives to win Wimbledon, but I'm going to give you one anyway.' See, I had leased a Corvette for him for four months. He loves that car. You know, he just turned 21 years old. I said, 'Bjorn, if you win Wimbledon, I will buy you that car.'"

"He said, 'Oh, Joe, you don't have to do that. You pay me enough money.'"

"I said, 'I know I don't have to do it, but I want to do it. It's very important for you to win this second time. The first time, people will say it's a fluke. The second time is when they'll know there's no question about it.'"

"He looked me straight in the eye and he said, 'Joe, I win Wimbledon for you.' For me he was going to win Wimbledon. I think that's fantastic."

Borg did win Wimbledon and last week, the man he won it for, Zingale, presented him the keys to the spiffy white sports car before a Cleveland home crowd that was announced as 8,312, largest ever to see the team play at home. But a man at the press table surveyed the stands and said, "If you believe that, you believe in the Easter Bunny."



New York's Wada made applesauce of the notion that the WTT is no way to prep for major titles

Taunts like that roll off the back of 36-year-old Earl (Butch) Buchholz, the new WTT commissioner, who runs the league out of an office in the St. Louis suburb of Clayton. Buchholz was coach of the Chicago Aces in the WTT's first season, and the owner still owes him \$15,000. Hired this season as one of the youngest league bosses ever in a major sport, Buchholz has already been more kindly treated as commissioner.

"It was funny," says Buchholz. "I felt the job was worth \$75,000 and I said I'd do it for that, but I wasn't doing it for the money I had made up my mind I wanted to be commissioner."

"They said \$50,000 and I said, 'Okay, if that's what you want to do.' I didn't argue about it at all. Then they came back and said, 'Butch, we thought you'd argue. The salary's \$60,000.' So they gave me a \$10,000 raise in about five minutes."

If things are looking a bit rosier financially, one reason is the WTT's adoption of a legal device popular in the export-import business: the irrevocable letter of credit. The practice was started after Season One and is a principal reason why

seven teams did not return for Season Two. Twice a year each franchise must ante up a \$50,000 irrevocable letter of credit—money the commissioner can seize should a team refuse to pay a fine, say, or if a hapless owner drowns in a sea of red ink and Gatorade.

"It used to be a poker game," says one team official. "Nobody wanted to be the first to put in his letter. We have had meetings where it took a day and a half just to get everybody seated. Last January in Palm Springs, when the \$50,000 letters were due, we were seated and moving on to other things in an hour and a half."

All of this is not to say, however, that WTT is rapidly overtaking the NFL in popularity. The Indiana Loves are weak and may have to be moved. Cleveland's idea of playing half its home matches in Pittsburgh was a disaster and Sea-Port is not drawing well in Seattle. Phoenix draws well with Evert but needs an infusion of capital; apparently the cash doesn't flow as well as Chris. Boston and New York might have to move outdoors next season because of arena problems.

And an experiment in international

continued



A star is Bjorn but a hotter gal is Mariana



*And occasional hassles with league officials: Billie Jean King doubles with New York partner Wade*

sport has, you should excuse the expression, bombed. An all-Soviet team—Olga Morozova, Alex Metreveli et al—took the spot vacated when the Pittsburgh Triangles folded, but have drawn and played poorly while following a schedule that is undoubtedly the worst Russian ordeal since Stalingrad. The Soviets have no home arena, and here is how one recent 10-day period went: Sunday, Spokane; Monday, Kansas City; Wednesday, Seattle; Thursday, Anaheim; Friday, Portland; Saturday, Phoenix. Sunday, Los Angeles; Monday, Little Rock; Tuesday, Oakland.

"We have no time for rest or practice, the two things we need most," says Metreveli. "We had no experience in team tennis and we are not getting enough time to practice."

But for now, anyway, the WTT may be all the Russians have. They are unhappy with international tennis authorities who have ruled that amateurs' national associations are no more eligible for prize money than the amateurs themselves. It used to be that Metreveli's swag went to his association, but there will be no further tournament payouts unless he is allowed to declare himself a pro.

In an expansive mood, WTT suggests that the U.S.S.R. and some other socialist-bloc nations may play a six-week

team-tennis season of their own after Wimbledon '78, then possibly participate in some sort of tennis "world series" in the U.S. WTT would not get any cash from the Communist countries but WTT Properties, the league's licensing arm, would have the right to represent U.S. clothing and sporting-goods manufacturers that want to sell their goods behind the Iron Curtain.

Buchholz has left European negotiations to Larry King, who is not only the current league president (and Billie Jean's husband) but who also runs WTT Properties, general manages the New York Apples and owns part of the Golden Gate—(the sort of sprawling conflict of interest that is typical of the sport. Buchholz has kept busy enough with other matters, like the question of what to do with Czech defector Martina Navratilova, who was under contract to Zingale at Cleveland but refused to play another season there. Buchholz was afraid she would skip WTT altogether and play the European tournaments, so he maneuvered her to Boston, which needed help.

Another crisis came at the All-Star Match two weeks ago in San Diego. It was precipitated, as tennis crises often are, by Billie Jean King and the Nastase, although in this case Nastase didn't swear in any of his four languages or hit

a ball at any elderly linesmen. He had vowed after spending last year with the Hawan Lens that he would never play team tennis again, but he was persuaded to change his mind, and the Los Angeles Strings signed him for the second half of '77, plus four full seasons after that. (It couldn't have cost owner Jerry Buss more than six square miles of Palm Springs, three floors of City Hall, a luxurious apartment and a Mercedes-Benz.)

The All-Star Match was WTT's first, and only, network-TV showcase of the year, and the league was lucky to have that since television has suddenly lost a bit of its enthusiasm for tennis. Buchholz decided that Nastase, who had not even played in the WTT this season, should be a "wild card" selection, an instant All-Star. Nastase's presence, it was reasoned, would not only boost second-half ticket sales around the league but would also help remind people that the WTT has some top men players to go with all its women stars.

But there were yelps of protest from King and others, so it was decided that Nastase would be introduced, show his grinning Romanian face and sit on the West team's bench—but not play. He drove happily down to San Diego in his new car. Then Frew McMillan of the Golden Gate suffered an injury. Buchholz went to King and said he would have to insert Nastase.

"No way," she said. "I'm not walking out there. I'm not playing. That's it."

The fact that King did play before the sellout crowd (she served an ace to win the final set as East beat West 23-18) was probably the result of Buchholz' diplomatic skills. He called in all the players and persuaded them to play despite their objections. King, one of the founders of WTT, eventually gave in.

"It was a business decision, that's all it was," Buchholz said. "I still believe it was right. But it was a tough time. I was starting to get pressure from the owners—'Buch, it's not worth the fight.' Maybe five years from now when we're the biggest thing around, we shouldn't do something like that, but you know what? It was a good move."

In its continuing struggle for survival, the WTT must overcome fan ignorance about its use of cumulative game scoring. If, let's say, New York beats Indiana 6-4 in the first set and Indiana wins the second set 6-1, Indiana leads 10-7—and so on through all five one-set pair-

*continued*

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mgs (men's and women's singles, men's and women's doubles and mixed doubles) that make up a WTT match. Either it must overcome fan ignorance, that is, or change the system.

At the same time, victories by Borg and other WTT players at Wimbledon should help dispel the oft-expressed notion that team tennis is lousy preparation for tournaments. All eight women's quarterfinalists were from WTT and, of course, Virginia Wade of the Apples won. The top eight WTT men's singles players had a 17-5 record against non-WTT opponents. And for the second straight year five Wimbledon singles and doubles champions were from WTT.

Buchholz professes to be unworried about the opposition to WTT by the rulers of tournament tennis. "In their efforts to bury us they've really helped us," he says. "The Grand Prix people say you have to play 24 tournaments in order to get points—that is the craziest thing. You're looking at 27 weeks plus Davis Cup, you're looking at a schedule of 30 to 35 weeks a year. Connors, Borg, Nastase—the big names aren't going to do that. It'll burn 'em out. I think the players will play WCT, which is part of the Grand Prix, World Team Tennis and the major championships, Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

"If we get through this season and then another, we'll be all right. I've always felt the fifth year was going to be the critical year for team tennis. The fifth year, next year, is going to be the key. I feel strongly about that."

Los Angeles owner Buss feels strongly, too. Last Friday night in the Forum, just before his Rose Cousins upset Evert to help the Strings beat the Racquets, he rattled off figures like the real-estate whiz and co-chemistry professor he is. The Strings, he said, are steadily closing in on their goal of selling 5,000 season tickets. If that many were sold, the average attendance would be 8,700 and the nightly gross \$43,000. The annual gross for 22 home dates would be \$946,000. L.A.'s annual profit, he said, would be \$200,000, and a sports franchise that profitable would sell for \$3 to \$4 million.

It sounded so logical, so inevitable. A listener sitting there with Buss might have felt the urge to sprint to the nearest telephone, call his broker and try to get a piece of the action. Everything was going to be fine. And, who knows, failure fans—maybe it will be.

ZING

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## Kodak Carousel projectors

Late in the afternoon of the last day of August 1976 I climbed off a Primair flight in Charlotte Amalie and went down to the marina to see if anyone had brought in a blue marlin. The Prowess, owned by Joe Lopez of Coconut Grove, Fla. and operating out of Benner Bay, St. Thomas, had just broken the one-day record for catching blue marlin—seven.

No one, as far as I knew, had ever observed a blue marlin beneath the sea. That was my goal, and the Prowess and her crew seemed to be my best chance of realizing it. I had come to St. Thomas a week before my prospective dive to familiarize myself with the boat, the men—and the fish—on whom my life would depend.

The *One Bull*, out of Savannah, was already washing down at the Lagoon Fishing Center. The marlin she had fought that day lay athwart the dock, darkening in the long shadow of a hill that overlooked the marina. I stepped over its bill and stretched my arms out to estimate the length. The bill tapered to a point the size and color of a rusty railroad spike, but its overall length was not familiar. It was too long for a saher and too short for a halibut. On top it looked smooth and brown like oiled teak, but if you stroked it, it felt like fine-grit sandpaper. The lower part was gray and coarse, more like a wood rasp. At its margins it turned blood red, shading into

madder pink. At the base, just over the junction with the lower jaw, was the fish's eye, as large as a mango. In the bloody bronze iris a deep blue pupil, the size and clarity of the lens on my camera, was suspended, regarding me gravely.

The marlin's head widened into shoulders as broad as a boson's, and was crested with an erect fin that cut off passage along the dock. The fish stopped at that point, terminated with one large bite clearly outlined by scalloped teeth marks. Several partial bites had trimmed off the white flesh at either side. Many sharks must have gorged on the yards of missing marlin.

As I was reconstructing this feast in my mind, the Prowess backed into her moorings. She flew no marlin flag. Instead, one raw plywood patch was at the waterline of the starboard gunwale aft, another farther forward and still others on the port side. Some of the patches had counterparts on the inside of the cockpit. Second Mate John Hewitt, a Montauk man, was pleased to show me photographs of a blue marlin making the largest hole. Its pike had rammed through the gunwale and been wedged in place by the end of a gas tank, which it had creased. A saw had been used to free the fish from the boat, and a dam had been improvised at sea to keep the water out.

I spent that night considering how to get out of the water after seeing a blue marlin... or how to get out of seeing a blue marlin in the first place.

#### CHASING THE BAITS

At the point where the wake churned by the twin diesels turns from white to blue, two Spanish mackerel on the outrigger lines jump through the surge. Closer to the foaming wake two ballyhoo leap with a vitality they never had in life. These baits seem to be stragglers hurrying to catch the churning mass where the boat rushes. Out of the burning sea a spear rises, glittering with points of light, striking at the baits and knocking the line out of an outrigger.

"Left outrigger," the cap-

continued

# LIKE A NEON SHADOW IN THE SEA

One of the first men to swim with the blue marlin depicts the great, fluorescing fish's struggle on the 100-fathom line

TEXT AND PAINTINGS BY STANLEY MELTZOFF





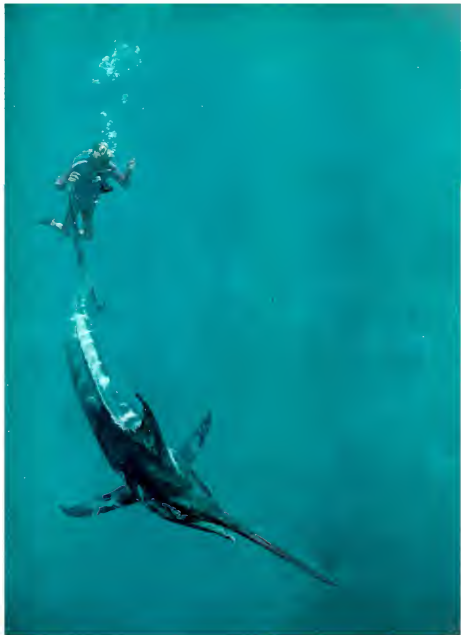
*Lured from the depths by the commotion the boat and baits have created, a marlin homes in on the tantalizing, and lethal, ballyhoo.*



*Confused and infuriated by the hook, a marlin runs rather than sounds (left). Pursued by the backing boat, the fish is soon brought to its side (below) and is gaffed as a shark lurks close by.*







tain screams as the bill lunges and lunges again. The two mates' bare skin glistens with spray as they pick their way over the wet deck to grab at the teaser lines. The rigger baits are pulled in toward the boat to tantalize the fish, making it strike from below and drawing it closer. Over the careful tangle of gear on the heaving deck, the angler, who on the *Prowess* sometimes will use line as light as 6-pound test, gets ready to slide into the fighting chair when the hookup is made.

The shadow in the water composes itself into a marlin radiating bands of cobalt blue, phosphorescent violet and fulminating yellow. Three yards from the boat's stern the blue marlin's mouth finds the bait.

#### PINOCCHIO BOBBING FOR APPLES

The men in the boat ride the boundary between the sky and the abyss. A hundred feet down a solitary blue marlin cruises, looking up at the light modulated by wind and wave. Gazing from below, an experienced diver can imagine what the hungry fish sees—a small circle of light refracted by the waves.

Against the shifting pattern of light in the circle directly above, the marlin can see other fish silhouetted. A single small fish is hardly visible, a fish not moving is virtually invisible.

Only when a school of fish moves at the surface does an enticing pattern of motion stand out against the set of the waves. Once given this clue, the out-riders of the school become visible to the marlin.

The bottom of the boat storming through the water is coated with a thick layer of bubbles drawn under the prow. At the twin props, the rushing cloud of bubbles turns into dark roiling thunderheads, which lighten and disappear as they rise to the surface behind the boat. The uproar of the boat serves to rivet the marlin's attention. The tumbling mass is interpreted as some great fish or school.

From far below, the baits hauled behind the wake thrust through the waves, making their own small tunnels of turbulence. Snaking along, they look as if

they are trying to keep up with the great crowd panicking ahead. The hunter, faith-ful down, decides to pick off a lingering member of the school.

The ascending marlin will turn and turn again to catch the twisting bait, which leaps from wave crest to wave crest at eight knots. To the men in the boat it looks as if the marlin is striking at the bait to kill it, but the three-foot bill jutting from the marlin's upper jaw seems to get in the way of its seeing or seizing the small fish. A marlin grabbing at bait is like Pinocchio bobbing for apples.

The marlin may hold on to the bait even though the hook is not set. Marlin tend to run down sea, in the direction in which the wind is pushing the waves. Should the line go slack, the men must wait to see if the fish has dropped the bait or whether it has turned toward the boat. The angler hopefully reels in. The others look for a shadow in the surge.

The shadow, if there, grows and begins to be touched with quivering bands of neon blue and faint scintillations, as of something burnished. If there's a hookup, the man in the fighting chair continues to take in line as fast as his reel permits; the barefoot mates balance on the deck. One is the wire man, waiting to grasp the lost 12 feet of wire leader. The other mate stands poised with the flying gaff; a meat hook at one end is tied to a rope that will secure the marlin to the boat. The hook is thick enough to hoist a rhino, honed sharp enough at its tapered point to put a neat hole in the period at the end of this sentence.

The marlin rising in vivid panoply may see the boat as the source of its trouble, and a frenzy for freedom is its reaction. Boats have been sunk at this point. A marlin cannot back up as it is drawn to the gaff and so it may hole the hull, as a bull confined in a corral holes the stockade. Leaping upward, the marlin can drive its spear through the rib cage of a man or, if it turns unpredictably, the fish can drag a careless wire man, tangled, into the sea.

Anglers speak of the ferocity of a hooked blue marlin. They recall wartime sightings of the fish with pikes impaled in bales, barrels or other floats. To me this seems to be only evidence that the marlin can't see straight forward or jam on his brakes. These prove bad driving at the surface rather than bad temper,

but men facing a charging marlin cannot but think otherwise.

#### \$10,000 PER MARLIN

During the 10 weeks of summer 1976, the *Prowess* took 61 blue marlin in 38 days of fishing north of the Virgin Islands. Joe Lopez took the record seven in one August day at the full moon tide. Frank Branch of Pahokee, Fla. was skipper. Peter Gansz of West Palm Beach, Fla. first mate, John Hewitt second mate.

In 45 days of fishing, the *One Bull* out of Savannah, with Jack Morrow of West Palm Beach as captain and Jim Hardee of Savannah as mate, caught 58 blue marlin. The largest fish weighed more than 500 pounds, the average 300 to 400. On Sept. 7, Ralph Gilster Jr. of Victoria, Texas broke Lopez' record by catching nine blue marlin from the *One Bull*. Nine blue marlin in one day is a record like nine home runs in one World Series game, or nine gold medals for one athlete in the Olympics, or nine straight 21s at blackjack. Of the 119 blue marlin taken by the two boats, all but a few were tagged and released.

A blue marlin is hard to hook, hard to hold and harder still to bring up undamaged by sharks. As a rule of thumb it costs about \$10,000 and takes several months to catch one blue marlin. One fulfills a lifetime ambition for many anglers.

Late last summer, Captain Johnny Harms in the *Star Trek II* hooked into a marlin that fought for 17 hours. The wire was brought to the boat by the angler, Hugh Foster, no fewer than eight times, but in the darkness and the seas the mates failed to hold the leader or set the gaff, and so the great fish pulled itself free. The story is not unique. Another marlin was lost to a stubborn angler who stayed in the fighting chair for 38 hours.

#### SOARING THE 100-FATHOM LINE

The old man in Hemingway's tale was fishing for blue marlin for food, but the blue marlin is now commercially taken by long liners from only a few countries. Just as bald eagles will never be raised on farms for eggs and meat, the marlin will never be stocked in irrigation ditches waiting to be made into Filet-O-Fish.

There is as much difference among billfish as there is among birds. Swordfish are not rightly marlin, though closely related. The billfish-family members—

continued

*A released marlin spirals into the dark safety of the depths to vanish beyond the boundary of the diver's blue world*

saills and marlin and spearfish—make their homes predominantly in tropical marine waters. The three biggest speared fishes, all of which can weigh more than half a ton, are the swordfish and the black and the blue marlins. The others, the white and striped marlins, spearfish and sailfish, weigh but a few hundred pounds at the most.

Sailfish and striped marlin are found in schools close enough to shore to be caught by a man trolling or casting a lure from a skiff. Swords have been taken as they lay sunning on the surface by men in dories rowing up behind them and thrusting into the fish a harpoon tied to a keg. The young black marlin of the Pacific are caught in shallow waters close to the reefs, though their weighty elders may sit stubbornly on the bottom for many hours, almost too great a weight to haul upward.

The blue marlin is a solitary animal, though sometimes several may travel together. In the Atlantic these loose schools, as well as the singles, can be found in the summer off Cape Hatteras and along the island chain of the Greater Antilles, where the Caribbean shelf dives five miles down into the Puerto Rican trench.

At its eastern end this abyss is cut off by an elbow formed by the upwelling of land that holds the Virgin Islands. The edge of this shelf is traced by the 100-fathom line. The top of the underwater

escarpment is 600 feet below the surface and then drops abruptly another 25,000 feet into the trench. The elbow, which the *Prowess* and the *One Bull* fish, is 24 miles north of St. Thomas.

Blue marlin ride the ocean curricanes like hawks along a mountain ridge seeking their prey—skipjack and blackfin tuna, frigate mackerel and squid. As the summer light wanes and the surface waters cool, the blue marlin leave the edge of the Caribbean and purposefully move into the depths of the open Atlantic beyond the range of sport fishing boats. Of the hundreds of blue marlin tagged, very few have ever been caught again and recorded.

### THREE-EYED UNICORN

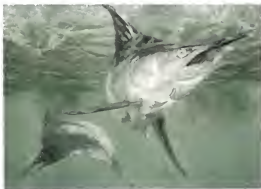
On first seeing a blue marlin, as at the first sight of a rhinoceros or perhaps more apt, if less possible, a unicorn, there seems very little to say besides some four-letter variant of "gee whiz." The external oddities of this intimidating creature are but the beginnings of its marvels. Its stiffened pectoral fins serve as ailerons for banking, but they also swivel in their sockets to slow down the marlin, like the speed brakes on a jet. Two spines, remnants of the ventral fins, are kept tucked into a much longer slit that runs the length of the fish's belly. No one has ever seen these extended in use, or has offered any acceptable explanation of their function. The marlin's pineal gland lies under a

transparent coating between its two eyes. Tracings of nerve impulses show that this third eye can sense light, but to what purpose is as yet undiscovered.

Like its distant relative the tuna, the blue marlin keeps its body temperature warmer than the water in which it swims. It does this by heat exchange—the arterial blood is channeled close to the warmer venal blood and thus is warmed. Still, the blue marlin is cold blooded, and it prefers to ride a temperature gradient in the low 80s when at the surface. It does not generally enter the cold waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Nova Scotia like the tuna, and while as fast as the bluefin tuna, among the fastest of all fish, a marlin is capable of bursts of greater speed. So the blue marlin is something of a rarity everywhere, and a trophy anywhere.

### SALT ON THE SUNGLASSES

The *Prowess* is a 43-foot Merritt Sportfisherman, with twin 6-71 turbo diesels in a wooden hull that allow her to plane through high seas without pounding. The *Prowess* is a fishing machine rather than a yacht. Her secret is maneuverability, backward maneuverability. But her success as a design is a function of the crew's expertise in handling her. Once on the trolling grounds, the captain faces backward on the flying bridge, steering the boat by her wake and the trace on the fathometers. The mates keep the riggers steadily supplied with Spanish mackerel, mullet or ballyhoo, toughened in formaldehyde. Their spines have been corred out and hooks on leaders stitched into the slit fish. The bait, hook and leader are carefully joined together so that the whole combination can be changed in a few seconds, and yet still hold together as it is hauled through the seas or mouthed and released by marlin. As soon as a bait becomes oily or starts to flop oddly in the wake, the captain reminds the mates of what they are already doing. Sometimes Pete Gansz or John Hewitt will hand a piece of cleaning tissue up to the captain, Frank Branch, to indicate that his view of the state of the baits is perhaps because of the salt on his sunglasses. Captain Frank's reply proves that there is plenty of salt in his



Generally solitary fish, pairs of marlin are sometimes found—and hooked.

language and suggests the manner in which new baits may be provided from portions of the mates. Twenty baits or more are used each day while the *Prowess* bounds along at 900 to 1,100 rpm.

#### FLUORESCENT FRENZY

In the open Atlantic the wind holds at 15 to 20 knots, swinging between southeast and northeast. Showers are frequent. At the peak of the 10-foot swells the tops of smaller waves blow off as scud. The shards of sharp light and the scatter of breaking foam make it hard to distinguish much behind the wake. Nothing can be seen in the two conduits of foam churning into each other as they rush backward from the twin screws. Two hundred feet astern, 30 feet apart, the two boats on the outriggers hustle along.

The captain on the flying bridge is almost always the first to see the bill striking. His yell makes everyone leap to his fighting station. If the mates have teased the fish in, the rod man can move the hooked bait into the marlin's field of vision. If all has worked well the fish is 30 feet from the boat. The blue marlin not only keeps up with the flying baits in the white water but moves from side to side as it tries to grasp the bait by its middle. Either in rage at failure to catch the fleeing bait or in anger at once feeling the hook, the blue marlin may light up, its entire body turning fluorescent with fury. The shadow with the hill, up from the blue depths, becomes an electric wand, which may suddenly begin to strut on the water. Though the marlin is not close enough for the men to touch it, it is close enough to strike the boat and the men.

Then the hooked marlin runs from the boat; this is the moment when the *Prowess* and her crew change the odds. When the marlin runs, the *Prowess* moves backward after it. Like a bobcat after a rabbit, the *Prowess* pounces, following the dodging marlin. Backing down as fast as the marlin runs, the transom of the boat shoves up a wall of white water that pours onto the deck—and into the hull if someone has forgotten to slam the cabin door tight. The black exhaust swirls into the cockpit, bubbling up through the wall of foam and water. The man in the fighting chair must reel in fast enough to eliminate slack. The captain must not over-tend the marlin. The wire man must hope that the leader will come quickly to his

hand as he crouches under the waterfall at the transom. The man with the flying gaff must be ready to strike if the fish comes close, but he must hold the huge hook clear of the jumble of wet men and gear sliding on the tilting deck.

If the *Prowess* is lucky the marlin is secured before it gets its act together. If the marlin runs straight or doubles back or decides to sound, the *Prowess*, fishing light tackle, will probably lose her fish. But the records of the *Prowess* and of the *One Bull* show that a boat with the right crew can snatch up a marlin before it sounds.

A marlin sounding is a quarter ton going down like an express elevator dropping to the basement with its cable cut. Now is the time of troubles as the marlin catches its second wind, resting 600 feet below.

Acting strangely on the bottom, the marlin attracts the attention of sharks, which normally pay no mind to a fish larger than themselves and much faster. If the marlin is tired enough, some bold shark in the gathering pack takes a first nip. And, above, the marlin becomes easier to haul into the boat, since it gets lighter, smaller and less mobile by the second. What comes up is no trophy.

#### SAFETY FIRST

The technique of the *Prowess* and the summer concentration of blue marlin north of the Virgins shifted the odds enough for someone to dive to a fresh marlin, in clear water unencumbered by sharks, without waiting months or years for the right combination. The *Prowess* offered the best chance I would ever have to watch live blue marlin in the open ocean. I did not know quite how I would get in or out of the boat, but I was sure that I would be the first one to swim with blue marlin. I was wrong.

Armando Jenik, a diving professional and photographer, had taught the crew of the *Prowess* how to use scuba gear. He had worked with Jacques Cousteau as local adviser and photographer recording the migration of humpback whales through the Drake Passage in 1972. In August 1976 the crew of the *Prowess*, confident of the abundance of marlin, had allowed Jenik to come with them one day when the boat was not chartered and to photograph marlin underwater. The crew was familiar with the

needs of a diver and was confident that the hazards were manageable, at least with a nearly subdued marlin.

Jenik's dive had been successful, so I had to be content to be the second man to swim with the live marlin.

Jenik let me dive with him for a week while he made sure that I was safe to be with in the water. I made sure that his notion of safety coincided with mine and that he was reliable. Jenik was more; he was superb, a world-class diver and an excellent photographer. The crew of the *Prowess* would not have let me jump off their boat for anything as trivial as a picture story without their personal friendship and trust in Jenik. They knew quite well what a fresh marlin could do to a quarter of a million dollars' worth of boat, the four men on it—or the divers in the water.

#### MEETING THE MARLIN

With the wind stiff southeast gusting to 20 knots, the *Prowess* began to troll the elbow just on the 100-fathom line. Captain Frank raised a marlin, Pete Ganss and John Hewitt teased it in. Captain Ron Hamlin, the boat's original master who was back this day as a guest, brought the fish to the wire, and Jenik and I strapped on our tanks, flopped over the gunwales into the sea, and kicked down to clear the bubbles, the boat and her screws as fast as we could.

Infinite luminous blue with no horizon line or bottom, no sound but the wheeze of my own scuba. In the void, nothing—no point or mark to scale size or distance, no texture to diminish in recession. As I turned to find something on which to fix my eyes, suddenly the marlin was there, filling my whole vision. Jenik's bubbles rose from just below me. The blue marlin regarded us reflectively for a moment and beckoned us with its sword glowing dull red and glinting bronze. Sheathed in midnight, the fish glided down into the profound blue and we followed.

What happened as I considered the blue marlin in the sea is better shown than told. The paintings accompanying this story try to say what I saw and how I felt during those hectic 20 minutes before the fish was brought to gaff. If I cannot take you to the realm of the blue marlin to see with your own eyes, I have tried to let you see this creature through mine.



## 'I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN GET AWAY WITH'

What's a little holding or eye gouging or biting among NFL players? For St. Louis' controversial Guard Conrad Dobler, 'anything' on a football field seems to be everything short of neutron warfare by **DAPHNE HURFORD**

One of the questions on the NFL's personnel survey form is, "Did you take up football for any particular reason?" Conrad Dobler's answer was, "It is still the only sport where there is controlled violence mixed with careful technical planning. Football is still a very physical game."

What Dobler, the 6' 3", 260-pound All-Pro right guard for the St. Louis Cardinals, means by "controlled violence," "careful technical planning" and "a very physical game" is that "I'll do anything I can get away with to protect my quarterback." And according to his opponents, what Dobler gets away with is holding, eye gouging, face-mask twisting, leg whipping, trapping, even biting.

Outside St. Louis Dobler is considered the "dirtiest" player in the league, someone who makes even Oakland's George Atkinson look like Mr. Clean. In fact, in one game Dobler's tactics so infuriated Merlin Olsen, the now-retired defensive tackle of the Los Angeles Rams, that Olsen swore he would never utter Dobler's name again. However, there is one player who has good reason to utter Dobler's name in his prayers—Cardinal Quarterback Jim Hart. Thanks to the protection—legal or otherwise—afforded by Dobler and his linemates, Hart has been sacked only 41 times the last three seasons, an NFL low. Among others who recognize Dobler's prowess are the NFL coaches, who have twice picked him to start in the Pro Bowl.

Dobler was just another obscure offensive lineman until 1974, his third season in the league, when some members of the Minnesota Vikings jokingly requested rabies shots before a game against the Cardinals. Suddenly Dobler had acquired an image. "What you need when you play against Dobler," said one rival, "is a string of garlic buds around your neck and a wooden stake. If they played every game under a full moon, Dobler would make All-Pro. He must be the only guy in the league who sleeps in a casket." When the camera showed Dobler going through his repertoire during a telecast of a St. Louis-Dallas game, commentator Tom Brookshier wondered aloud, "How does he get away with it?"



Asked the same question, Dobler says that he holds no more than any other player, that he would get caught more often if he did, and that reports of his dastardly deeds have been exaggerated. In the next breath, he says that rules are made to be broken and adds, with a slightly superior air, "If you're going to break the rules, you've got to have a little style and class." Asked if he really hates opponents, Dobler usually replies that he would never do such a tasteless thing, believing as he does in good oral hygiene. Of course, he adds, "If someone stuck his hand in your face mask and put his fingers in your mouth, what would you do?"

While Dobler insists that he is an aggrieved party as far as holding is concerned, he willingly offers a few hints on the best way to hold a defensive lineman or a blinding linebacker. "Always keep your hands inside your chest because it's much harder for the referees to see them when they're in there," he says, "and if a guy does get past you, grab his face mask, not his jersey." Dobler also recommends "hooking"—clamping the opponent with your arm and dragging him down—as an effective means of detaining defenders.

"Sometimes I hold by accident," he says. "You know, I get my hand caught in a face mask. But always remember this: at no time do my fingers leave my hand."

Surprisingly, Dobler rarely uses his tongue on rivals. "You have to get just the right comment to make them mad," he says. "Verbal abuse could take all day. A faster and more efficient way to aggravate and intimidate people is to knock the stuffing out of them." Dobler particularly likes to aggravate and intimidate other Pro Bowlers, first-round draft choices and players whose salaries are higher than his \$50,000 a year. "Of course I'm vindictive," he says. "I was a fifth-round draft choice and who ever heard of a player from Wyoming?"

Born in Chicago, Dobler grew up in the middle of the Mojave Desert at Twentynine Palms, Calif. There are seven Dobler children—Corrine, Cynthia, Clifford, Conrad, Christopher, Catherine and Cassandra—and Conrad always was considered the "meanest kid" in the fam-

ily. Catherine, who was unlucky enough to win the starring role in a charming Joan of Arc game devised by her brother, says Conrad "was always mean and ornery and liked to show off his muscles." Conrad's mother Clara says her son was always compassionate and eager to help someone less fortunate, that he is definitely "a winner, not a loser" and that he has always been "just like his father." His father, a former Golden Gloves fighter whom Conrad calls "Big John," says that "Conrad plays pretty good football from what they tell me" and adds that his son "is not quite as

mean as they say he is." As proof he offers a tale about Conrad, then nine, according to his mother to the doctor after she had cut her hand and fanning at the sight of her blood.

Conrad claims he has always been motivated by a lack of peer approval. After attending a Catholic grammar school where there were only eight students in his graduating class, he went to a large high school where he felt lost and insignificant. To gain acceptance he took up football and basketball. "I never finished a basketball game," he says. "I always fouled out. Something just seemed

*continued*

*Does pop play dirty? No way, says Dobler's son Mark, who notes that Dad is just doing his job.*



to come over me. I had more foals, I think, than the second string had points." A football scholarship took him to the University of Wyoming. Recently he taunted his coach at Wyoming, Jack Taylor, saying, "I'm the only 10¢ player the Cowboys ever had. All it took to recruit me was one letter." At Wyoming, Dobler maintained a B average in his political-science major and child-psychology minor.

Drafted by the Cardinals in 1972, Dobler was released before the start of his rookie season. Luckily for Dobler a number of the Cardinals' offensive linemen were injured early in the '72 season, and they re-signed him in time for their third game. "When I came back I decided that I'd just play my own game," Dobler says. "I'd do what I do best and make the other guys play into my hands, make them have to beat me."

Jim Hanftan, St. Louis' offensive line coach, says of his right guard, "You'd have to kill him to beat him." Dobler smiles. "When you're fighting in the dirt

for a position, climbing up from the bottom, you know what it is to compete," he says. "If we both wanted it, I'd want it more. I'd mow 'em right down with no compassion, no mercy."

By midseason of 1972 Dobler had become the Cardinals' starting right guard, and he currently has no plans to vacate the position.

"I've thrived on criticism," Dobler says. "Tell me I can't do it, and that's all I need. When I started out, no one gave a damn who I was. I had to prove to everyone that they had a fight on their hands. All the bad mouthing I get is just fuel. If a guy says he doesn't respect me, he just makes my job that much easier."

When Olsen accused Dobler of having a tremendous ego, Dobler replied, "If you don't have an ego, you're a wino." When Minnesota Defensive Tackle Doug Sutherland labeled Dobler a "marked man," Dobler said, "I'd have a lot more fun in this game if more people said they were going to get me. I've been playing dirty a lot longer than they have. Yeah, I'll

get mine someday, but when I do, I'll take my portion plus some."

For all his tough talk, Dobler is often astonished when he watches himself on game films. "Sometimes I can't believe what I do, that I can fling my body around the way I do," he says. "Those things happen at the time. I couldn't repeat any one of them." Something certainly does come over Dobler during a game. The Greeks had a word for it, *aristeia*, that special show of valor when great warriors put forth superhuman effort. Diomedes had *aristeia*, so did Hector. What does Dobler call it? "I don't know. Insanity, maybe." Hanftan calls it a mean streak. But Homer and Hanftan would agree that the truly great warriors leave their whatever-you-call-it at the scene of battle, and away from the gridiron Dobler is a chummer.

Intelligent and articulate, he is quick to laugh and has a gentle, polite manner. He lights women's cigarettes, saying, "I once dated a sorority girl," and never forgets to add, "It's just an adjective" when

continued

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he thinks his language might offend. His intensity shows in his chewed nails and in his restlessness; his hunger for approval shows in his attempts to entertain. He even does magic tricks. Dobler holds strong opinions, speaks his mind freely and then worries that he spoke too freely. When a player complains about Dobler's methods, Conrad simply says, "He'll get over it." But when Dobler feels he has hurt a friend's feelings, he says, "Oh, he'll get over it. But you know something, I won't."

Dobler's looks belie his 26 years. His dark brown hair is liberally dusted with gray. He limps as a result of arthritis in his knees, and he says he has "the bones of a 65-year-old man." His own private set of harpies keeps him from sleeping well, and when awake he can be described as hyperactive. He skis well, plays racquetball with grace and throws a dart with deadly accuracy.

During the off-season the Doblers—Conrad, wife Linda and 7-year-old son Mark—live in Laramie, Wyo. Dobler owns some property, including a bar called Block 11, in the town of Encampment (pop. 321) high in the Sierra Madre. The bar is so named because of zoning rules, not because Dobler thinks he can simultaneously block all 11 men on a team.

Every June there is a Woodchoppers Jamboree in Encampment, and Block 11 is the center of the boisterous nocturnal activity. Dobler always attends the jamboree, driving up from Laramie in his CB-equipped Mercedes, because it is such fun and, well, because his presence in Block 11 guarantees peace. Things can get rough in Wyoming saloons, most of which have iron bars on the windows to prevent the throwing of furniture and/or people through the glass, but no one is eager to deal with a bouncer of Dobler's size and reputation. The men's room in Block 11 is filled with raunchy graffiti expressing opinions on Dobler's athletic abilities—or lack of them. High above all the remarks, written in large letters, is: "Expletive deleted the Pine Lodge." Asked what this means, Dobler, blushing, says that the Pine Lodge is another bar in town and that he is the author of that particular piece of graffiti.

Linda Dobler, who was raised on a Wyoming ranch, will receive her bachelor's degree in psychology from the University of Wyoming in December and intends to continue her studies until she



When patrons of Block 11 get too boisterous or troublesome, Conrad the Bouncer takes care of them.

gets a doctorate. Despite what others might think, she says she does not need it to handle her husband. She drinks tequila by the shot (no lime, no salt), manages home, family and school with ease and roundly beats her husband at tennis. She admits that Conrad has a mean streak but says it doesn't affect their life together.

Conrad worries that talk of his image as the NFL's dirtiest player will turn the officials against him. Already, he claims, he receives extra scrutiny from officials. "In one game I was called for tripping a guy who was standing up," he says. "Sure I tried to trip him, but I didn't succeed, and attempted tripping is not illegal." He pauses, then adds, "Oh, hell, the officials are only human." Some members of the Dobler clan tend to get upset when Conrad's reputation is discussed, but his mother says that she was told by an official that her son is "an intelligent player who has finesse, knows the rules and uses them to the nth degree." She is unconcerned about his image, saying, "If that helps bring in money to the stadium, well..." Linda Dobler occasionally worries about the effect Conrad's reputation will have on Mark, but the boy seems to be able to differentiate between No. 66 on the field and the person who is his father. Once when Mark was being taunted by a schoolmate about his father's play, Mark ended the discussion by saying, "He's only doing his job."

If Dobler's image has hindered his performance by making the officials more

aware of him, Conrad feels it has also helped by making opponents more aware of him. "Sometimes someone will say, 'Watch out, Dobler's behind you,'" he says. "The guy stops and turns around, and that gives us the time we need to complete the play."

Dobler says defensive players fall into three categories: "The quick ones who never touch you, the strong ones who beat the heck out of you and the few who are both strong and quick. I'd rather go against a quick guy. He does certain things well, and you know what he'll do."

Dobler wonders whether it will be as easy in the years ahead, for he fears he might be mellowing. "At the Pro Bowl you get to know and like your opponents," he says. "And when you like a guy, you don't step on his fingers or kick him getting up." Last winter Dobler said he would play for five more years at the most. Now he talks about playing longer. He says he cannot imagine a Sunday without a game, although he hopes he won't play past his prime. He is aware of what happens to athletes who play too long and of the fleeting quality of fame. But it's not just the taste of stardom or the camaraderie that Dobler says he would miss. It's playing football—and playing it well.

Of course, if Conrad Dobler ever does mellow, he can use his own words to bring him back to reality: "If you ever forget that football is a violent game, they'll catch you gazing at the stars and put your lights out."

END



Ken Singleton has led the Orioles to the top with a quick bat that more than compensates for his slow locomotion

*Beat feet  
but  
eyes right*

**B**efore a game in Baltimore recently, American League All-Star Manager Billy Martin of New York called Ken Singleton aside and assured the Oriole right-fielder that he would be selected for this week's game. Singleton thanked him, proceeded to go 4 for 4 at the plate and, with his team trailing 7-5 in the bottom of the ninth, was removed for a pinch runner. Singleton, you see, is an All-Star with an asterisk. "His career will be marred by the fact that he runs like me," says Player-Coach Brooks Robinson.

When baseball ability was handed out, Ken Singleton received just about every advantage a major-leaguer could want. The 30-year-old Oriole was blessed with a strong arm, a sure glove and a productive, sometimes powerful bat from both sides of the plate. He also was given a pleasing face, an imposing 6'4", 213-pound body and an imperturbable disposition. Unfortunately, he was granted the speed of a turtle. The fleetness in the family apparently went to his brother Fred, a former Penn State hurdler who is now a high school track coach.

But slowness of foot has not prevented Singleton from serving as Baltimore's anchorman in the slambang American League East race. At the All-Star break the surprising Orioles were in first place, ahead of Boston and New York, and Singleton was fourth in the league in hitting with a .331 average. "He's the kind of hitter," says Manager Earl Weaver, "who can start a rally by getting on base or end one by driving in the winning run."

Twice this year the switch-hitting Singleton has won an extra-inning game with a single, and he shares the team lead in RBIs, but the ability to wangle his way on base is his particular knack. Usually batting third, Singleton has failed to reach first in only seven games this year and his overall on-base percentage is a rarefied .444. Part of the reason is his batting average (.423 against left-handers, .291 against righties). In addition, his sharp eye for the strike zone helps account for around 80 bases on balls a year.

"Pitchers have to be careful with me," says Singleton, "because I have the size and strength to hit the ball out, but I also have such a good eye that they can't just nibble around the plate. My job is mainly to get on base and if they don't put the ball over, even if it's just barely inside or outside, I usually won't swing."

There was a time earlier this year, however, when his eyes were a serious problem. The trouble began in late April, and several days passed before it was correctly diagnosed as an inflamed cornea. Further delay, Singleton learned, could have resulted in his losing his sight altogether. But with proper treatment he missed only nine games.

Those dependable eyes more than compensate for his undependable legs, which have accounted for only 18 steals in 48 career attempts. "I could steal a lot of bases if I had good speed," he says. "And it usually takes two hits to score me from first. I know this prevents me from being a complete player, but I don't let it bother me."

Very little, in fact, seems to get under Singleton's skin. He is so quiet and well-mannered that Weaver calls him a "gentleman," an uncommon locker-room tribute. On the field he accepts bad calls with equanimity, having been thrown out of only one game in his career. "There's always another at bat," he reasons.

Although Singleton has hit .300 twice before (.302 with Montreal in 1973 and .300 with Baltimore in '75), this is the first time he has done it by swinging better from the right side than the left. Last season he was .224 righty, .297 lefty. "Technically I believe I'm a better hitter right-handed because I can adjust to an inside or outside pitch better," he says, "but experience has made me more effective left-handed. I don't know why my right-handed average has suddenly gone way up. Now I have a different kind of problem. I'm around .300 again against right-handers and now that's bringing me down. But it's a problem I don't mind putting up with."

Singleton's career as a switch hitter began when he was a kid playing stickball in Mount Vernon, N.Y. Even though the Yankees played in the nearby Bronx and his house had previously belonged to the family of Brooklyn Pitcher Ralph Branca, he was a confirmed Giants fan. "Supporting the Yankees was from running," he says. Although a natural left-hander, Singleton would emulate each man in the Giant lineup—batting right for Mays, left for McCovey, etc. One summer Singleton belted his name by hitting a son of homers, about 300 of them, he recalls. "A homer was any ball that landed on top of the grocery store across

*continued*



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## BASEBALL (continued)

Columbus Avenue," he says. "Of course, the pitcher had to get it back."

Later, Singleton played in a local league against the older Rod Carew and signed with the Mets after his freshman year at Hofstra University. It was not until he and two teammates were traded to Montreal for Rusty Staub in 1972 that he became a regular. Success was further delayed until he overcame a debilitating allergy to wool, particularly the wool in the Expos' uniform. No sooner did Singleton slip into a set of specially made doubleknits than he became a terror at the plate, raising his average from .245 to .274 and the next year leading the Expos in hitting and homers (23) and the National League in on-base percentage (.429). "I was a nemesis," he says. After dropping to .276 in 1974 Singleton was traded to Baltimore, where he immediately became the Most Valuable Oriole, leading the team in batting, runs, hits, doubles and walks.

Singleton has continued to make his off-season home in Canada, spending the winter "trying to keep warm." This fall he will finally get some relief since he is moving with his French-Canadian wife Colette and son Matthew to Southern California.

Baltimore, though, is where he will remain as a player. After leading the Orioles in hitting for the second straight season last summer, he signed a five-year contract, the longest ever offered by the front office.

It did not take Singleton long to start earning his money. He went above .300 in the ninth game of the year and now threatens to break the modern Oriole record of .322 set 21 years ago by Bob Nieman. Singleton should succeed, especially since he is considered an even better hitter after the All-Star break. But don't expect him to set any speed records along the way.

## THE WEEK

(July 10-16)

by JIM KAPLAN

### AL EAST

Ken Singleton wasn't the only hero in Baltimore (6-1) moved into first place. Mike Flanagan beat New York 4-3 and Milwaukee 4-2 for his fourth and fifth consecutive complete-

game victories. Ross Grimsley won twice and Rudy May once. Though Eddie Murray (10 for 26, two game-winning hits) continued his barrage at the plate, it was Oriole pitching that had people finally believing Baltimore is a true contender. Fans of Boston (6-2), though, are worried their pitching may not be strong enough. Accordingly, the happiest news of the week was not that Carl Yastrzemski got his 2,655th hit to take over the club career lead from Ted Williams, but that Rick Wise pitched steadily in two wins.

New York's act was growing more and more tiresome. After Grimsley knocked the Yankees out of first place, New York Manager Billy Martin blamed the 4-0 loss on "greaseballs." This is the same Martin who attributed the Reds' four-game sweep of the World Series to blood hits. The next day an unnamed Yankee accused owner George Steinbrenner of doing Martin's managing. Later in the week Carlini Hunter called his teammates selfish and wondered why Martin couldn't settle on a rotation. The answer is that the staff has been ailing all season. At week's end the Yankees (2-5) dropped two to Kansas City and were in third place.

Detroit (4-3) and Toronto (3-5) had topsy-turvy weeks. The Tigers ran off a three-game win streak and a three-game losing streak. There was instant grief for 35,000 fans when Mark Fidrych had to leave a game with a sore arm after 15 pitches. Then there was instant joy when his substitute, Jim Crawford, threw 8½ innings of scoreless baseball to beat Toronto 2-1. Blue Jay Ron Fantly who celebrated his 39th birthday, was named to the American League All-Star team even as he was going 2 for 28.

There was nothing but bad news in Milwaukee (1-6) and Cleveland (1-7). The Brewers have lost 10 of their last 12 and Manager Alex Grammas was suffering further abuse. "Grammas is a nice guy," said utility man Mike Hegan, "but as a manager he makes a good third-base coach." Whereupon the Brewers gave Hegan his unconditional release. When they blew a 4-3 ninth-inning lead and went on to drop a seven-hour double-header to Boston, Third Baseman Sal Bando had another observation. "We're going to have to learn to come back," he said. "That's the one lesson we have to learn. We lost the first game, but we still had the chance to salvage a decent day, and it snowballed into a very bad day." The Indians homered nine times, but among the pitchers only Jim Bibby could complete a game. And he lost it.

BALT 53-38 BOS 51-37 NY 50-41 CLEV 40-47  
DET 40-49 MIL 40-49 TOR 33-57

### AL WEST

California (3-4) busy fired one manager (Norm Sherry), hired another (Dave Garcia), fired a pitching coach (Billy Muffett) and hired a batting coach (Frank Robinson).

continued

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Then the Angels brought in hypnotist Arthur Elles to teach the players positive thinking. Nolan Ryan came out of the session in a good enough mind-set to record his 38th 10-strikeout game, a 5-4 win over Seattle. The feat earned a Sandy Koufax record. Still, lingering, though, was Ryan's remaining negative thought: he wasn't going to play in the All-Star Game because Billy Martin had added him to the team only as a last-minute pick. That made Ryan and two injured players, teammate Frank Tanana and Mark Fidrych, the best would-be rotation ever to miss an All-Star Game.

Another team quickly dropping out of contention was Minnesota (2-4). Twice Manager Gene Mauch inserted a five-man infield with an opposing runner on third. Twice the runner scored to beat the Twins. Red Carew went 7 for 24 and his average dropped from .401 to .393. Finally, Lyman Bostock, gearing up for free agency, called the Twins a "second-class organization" playing with my mind in moving me from my natural position in center field to left field." Twins fans, he added, know little about baseball. Responded owner Calvin Griffith: "Bostock is a cancer on our club."

With Chicago trading water at 4-4 (page 8), Texas (5-2) and Kansas City (16-1) made their long-expected moves. For Texas, Toby Harrah delivered his ninth game-winning hit of the season, a 10th-inning single to beat Baltimore 6-3, and Ben Blyleven and Doyle Alexander had complete-game victories. For Kansas City, light-hitting Frank White went 8 for 12 over a three-game stretch, and Amos Otis added a steak, milk shake, pie and ice cream to his light frame before homering and tripling to beat Chicago. Manager Wholey Herzog was kind to George Brett, assisting him only a \$5 fine after Brett ran through a third-base stop sign scored—and thereby started a go-ahead rally against Oakland. Seattle (3-4) Manager Carroll Johnson was not so inclined toward Pitcher Stan Thomas. When Thomas revived an old feud with Minnesota's Mike Cuyabage by throwing at him three times, Johnson levied "the biggest fine I've ever handed out." The fine, its amount undisclosed, followed a 15-0 shattering. Things got even more embarrassing when Lee Stanton grounded into a triple play against California.

Vida Blue won twice to give Oakland a 4-2 week. Blue, 8-11, has had only 15 runs to work with in his defeats.

OR 53-36 KC 50-38 MINN 48-42 TEX 46-43  
CAL 42-45 OAK 39-49 SEA 40-54

## NL EAST

A double-barreled surprise, the Mets were both winners and civic saints. They took four of five as Pat Zachry, Joe Mauer, Nino Espinosa and Craig Swan won their first games of the month and Steve Henderson homered

twice. The team even looked good in losing two Cub games to the blackout. When the lights dimmed in the first game, Shea Stadium organizer Jane Jarvis entertained the 21,000 spectators by playing 90 minutes worth of melodies. Included was "Downtown, where all the lights are bright." Met players pitched in by signing autographs and staging a panorama infield drill, by the lights of their cars, deep in the outfield.

While the 2-4 Cubs (page 8) were in the dark most of the week, Philadelphia (4-4) began seeing some light at the end of the tunnel. Led by Greg Luzenski (12 for 30, five homers, 14 RBIs), the Phillies smacked 91 hits. Luzenski may have to keep up the pace, though, because Third Baseman Mike Schmidt will be lost for six weeks if he has surgery on the fractured ring finger of his right hand. And somebody will have to move for the base-running antics of Bob Boone, the Stanford psychology grad who was thrown out at second, third and home in a single game. "We were hoping he'd be thrown out at first," said Pitcher Jim Kaat. "That way he'd have gone for the cycle."

Pittsburgh (5-3) also moved into contention. The Pirates beat Montreal 5-4 with 35-year-old Jim Fregoso homered in the 12th. St. Louis (2-5) was a multifaceted loser. Card pitchers gave up 33 runs, and one of the hurlers, Al Hrabosky, was having his old troubles with Manager Vern Rapp. "As silly as it may sound," said the still-shaven, still-disgruntled Hrabosky, "the hair and mustache might be the psychological thing that will carry me over the hump. I feel phony without them. I'm not myself." A broken record? Perhaps, but this time Hrabosky had accompaniment. When Rapp called a "motivational" meeting in the clubhouse, the team, through player rep Lou Brock, asked him to "bend some" on his strict hair and dress code. Rapp went so far as to arrange a champagne party after one game. It fizzled when the team lost. "It's time for the players to look at themselves and say, 'Maybe we're the guys who are causing all the troubles,'" snapped Rapp. As reports stirred of incipient rebellion, others suggested Rapp question his own policy of baiting slumping players fourth. He claims it inspires them.

Montreal (3-3) Pitcher Stan Bahnen and Catcher Gary Carter went from goat to hero. Most recently a failure at Oakland, Bahnen beat Pittsburgh 4-2 and St. Louis 3-0. Carter left the plate uncovered, and as a result the tying run scored in a game the Expos eventually lost to Pittsburgh in extra innings. A few days later, after promising a 12-year-old terminal cancer patient that he would hit a home run, Carter delivered in storybook fashion. His three-run homer helped the Expos collar the Cardinals 7-6.

CH 53-34 PHIL 51-38 PIT 49-41  
ST. L. 47-44 MONT 41-47 NY 36-53

## NL WEST

It was easy enough to figure out the Dodger week (2-5). No one was hitting, least of all sluggers Steve Garvey (4 for 29), Ron Cey (3 for 25) and Rick Monday (1 for 10). And Charlie Hough, who got belted three times, was of little use in the bullpen. More perplexing was Cincinnati's (2-5) continued inability to cut the gap. The Reds used up their best shots in one game, with George Foster homering three times and Tom Seaver once in a 7-1 victory over Atlanta. Explaining away Seaver's disappointing 3-2 record as a Red, Manager Sparky Anderson, who earlier had predicted 25 Seaver was this season, said, "He's just fitting in, getting comfortable. He'll win 25 next year." Accepting no excuses, Cincinnati columnist Pat Harmon wrote off the Reds' pessimistic chances. The last straw was the abrupt retirement of Pitcher Woodie Fryman, who preferred his nearby Kentucky farm to an Ohio bullpen.

The front-runners' troubles were other teams' delights. Houston had a 4-3 week against Cincinnati and L.A. Jose Cruz figured in all the wins by hitting .435, and J.R. Richard beat the Reds twice. "A pitcher is just like a farmer with his crops," said Richard. "You get out of it what you put into it." Putting in two wins in three games with the Reds, the Braves got out with their second straight 3-4 week. San Diego (4-3) took three of four

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**BUTCH HOBSON:** The Red Sox third baseman had four homers, three of which contributed to wins, went 17 for 34 and extended his hitting streak to 12 games. He has 18 homers and 64 runs batted in for the season.

from the Dodgers. "I wish we could play the Reds and Dodgers all the time," said Outfielder Dave Winfield, who hit 333 homers twice and drove in seven runs for the week. Teammate Rollie Fingers would probably settle for beating the Reds daily—in retaliation for Anderson's leaving him off the All-Star team. "I have more wins (and) saves (20) than I had when I made the last four American League All-Star teams," said the well-worn Fingers.

San Francisco (5-2) got a helpful lift when the Mets withdrew a protest of a game in which they were trailing the Giants 10-0. Later, rookie Pitcher Bob Knepper claimed that being forced to pitch the day of a flight disturbed his concentration. He pitched anyway, after the Giants landed in San Diego, and beat the Padres 5-1. The Giants' Charlie Williams was positively sky-high after stopping Atlanta 5-2; it was his first complete game since 1971.

LA 58-33 CIN 48-40 SF 43-50  
HOU 42-50 SD 40-54 ATL 32-57

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The USGA Amateur Public Links Championship is a tournament for anyone who ever hit a golf ball off a rubber mat, bundled up against the blasts of February to get a Sunday golfing fix, or kicked off his shoes to luxuriate in the cool, lush summer fairway grass. It is a quintessential people's championship, the one major event each year when golf drops its middle-class pretensions and opens its arms to all the duffers across the land unfortunate enough to be lacking country club connections. If you can imagine, say, a Forest Hills where, for a mere \$10 entry fee, any tennis hacker in America can try to win a national championship—in cut-offs—you are beginning to understand the Public Links.

This is not to imply that the golf played last week at the 52nd championship, at Milwaukee's Brown Deer Park Golf Course, was not serious. It was, from Monday—when Frank Sanchez of Honolulu walked to the first tee, handed a \$20 bill to his caddie, bit the cover off a golf ball and said, "That's what I do to caddies who don't do their jobs right"—through Saturday, when Joe Cannestra, the course superintendent, disclosed the secret ingredient that keeps Brown Deer's turf so resplendent: elephant droppings, trucked in from the Milwaukee zoo.

By then, two rounds of medal play and five rounds of match play in temperatures that sometimes reached 100° had boiled down the field from 159 to just two, a pair of hardy 20-year-olds named Jerry Vidovic of Blue Island, Ill. and Jeff Kern of Tucson, and they were ready to go at the 6,608-yard course head to head in a final 36-hole marathon.

Before that last ultraserious bit of golf, the APL had richly displayed its kaleidoscopic nature—equal parts summer camp, sociology lab and Shriners' convention. In what other athletic forum would a kindly 55-year-old college professor count a 14-year-old boy as a dire enemy? Where else could an air traffic controller settle a score with a commercial pilot and not endanger innocent people? Or a rotund bartender square off with a body-weight analyst? It is entirely appropriate that the highest jump in consecutive 18-hole scores in the tournament—from a re-

## Let's hear it for Croatia

*The Publix champion was doing more than just winning the title, said his father*

spectable 79 to a sky-high 93—belonged to Jerry Owensby, an Indianapolis elevator installer; and that Peter Jacobs of Dayton, who sells military aircraft to foreign nations for the Federal Government, should, after one of his matches, ask the USGA's Frank Haugen whether a player would be penalized for punching his opponent in the mouth. And where else could someone like Archie Dodson, a 43-year-old insurance-claims supervisor, become a kind of Arnold Palmer for a day, drawing a gallery 300 strong as he tried for the 11th time to win the APL and this time right in his own hometown?

The majority of the players in Milwau-

kee were ordinary working people—bricklayers, policemen, waiters—and about a third of them were students. But even at the Publix level, golf is not an expensive sport. The USGA allows tournament players to accept plane fare and \$15 per diem from the kitty of \$10 entry fees at their home qualifying sites, but few players receive the maximum. Two 20-year-olds from Spokane, for instance, received \$50 each toward their \$270 plane fare and their \$32-a-night room at the Holiday Inn. One of them, saying goodbye to a golfing-buddy priest before leaving Spokane, found his hand greased with a twenty, which he duly returned lest Big Brother USGA strip him of his amateur status.

"You get your better black players in this tournament, since they don't have the money to join private clubs," said Howard Pierson, a black assistant professor at Rockland Community College in Suffern, N.Y., who missed the cut. Indeed there were many good black players, although none made it past the round of 16. Probably the best was a 39-year-old registered nurse from Oakland named Ashley Smith—"I know 100 ways to take a person's temperature"—who won the predominantly black United Golfers Association championship last year and has won amateur tournaments all over the Bay Area. He works the midnight-to-eight shift at the Menlo Park Veterans Administration Hospital, practices for a while after work, goes to sleep and then often plays nine holes in the afternoon. Smith caddied as a boy at the West Palm Beach (Fla.) Country Club. "The man I caddied for would let me play 2 through 17 with him, out of his bag," he says. "I won my first set of clubs in a caddie tournament. Been playing ever since."

On Saturday morning the Milwaukee air was as thick as bock beer. Vidovic, a 6' 2", long-armed senior at Illinois State, was breakfasting solemnly in the Brown Deer clubhouse with his family and girl friend, while his father, Miro, an insurance salesman with a permanent smile, kept up a steady stream of chatter: "Hey, what a beautiful day. Isn't this going to be a great match? If we win, it will be good P.R. for the Croatians. Nobody ever heard of us

continued



A 35-foot birdie putt sent Vidovic bounding across the green

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before those crazy bombers in New York." The elder Vidovic, himself a Public golfing of some repute, had played in the APL twice in the previous three years, but this year failed to qualify. "I never won the big one," he said, "but I've known that Jerry would, ever since he was a little guy. He's got all the God-given talents."

His opponent—sandy-haired, blue-eyed and taciturn—ate alone. Jeff Kern spent two spring semesters at Azusa Pacific College in Azusa, Calif., but now works full time for his father, building houses in Tucson. He took up golf just five years ago, thinking it might be a nice way to earn a living. He had only one lesson, did not like it and subsequently learned the game "from magazines, TV, stuff like that." His grandparents, up from Carmel, Ind., had walked his five previous matches—90 holes in three days. "We went through a whole jar of Ben Gay last night," said his grandfather, on his way down fairway No. 91 at 8:30 in the morning.

Vidovic won two of the first three holes with a par and a birdie, but Kern got one back when Vidovic bogeyed the par-3 5th. By the 12th, Vidovic had won three more but given two back with three-putt bogeys. Kern was two down, yet barely sweating in the sweltering heat. Miro Vidovic put an arm around his son. "You're giving him a false sense of security," he said, smiling. "Wait till he sees you putt."

A couple of holes later, Vidovic made his father a prophet. The 15th is a 510-yard, par-5 dogleg to the left with a tight fairway and dense trees on both sides. Kern ripped his drive into the trees on the left and it fell beside a small stream. Vidovic's drive found similar tree trouble on the right. Kern played out onto the adjacent 16th fairway and had a clear shot to the green, but Vidovic's second shot from deep rough only advanced him to more rough closer to the hole. From 135 yards, Kern hit a nine-iron stiff to the pin for a sure birdie, while Vidovic's four-iron under the trees to the green

stopped well past the flag. He conceded a birdie to Kern and then proceeded to knock his 35-foot putt dead in to save the hole. As the ball fell, he bounded across the green and his father looked skyward. Vidovic won 17 with a 25-foot birdie putt, and was three-up at lunchtime.

Vidovic started the afternoon by winning the first hole when Kern bogeyed and was never worse than three-up for the rest of the match, finally nailing down the championship 4 and 2 when Kern went one over on 16, the 34th hole of their grueling day.

Miro Vidovic rushed the green to greet his son, clasped his right hand, then offered up his left, in which he had been holding a 3 Musketeers bar for the last five holes. The candy was long since a molten mess and Jerry Vidovic declined it. Someone asked him if he would turn pro. His father bent him to the answer. "No way," he said. "He'll finish college first. Then he'll turn pro. You can't waste talents like his."

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## Just an old-fashioned lad

*When 18-year-old Vladimir Yashchenko used a straddle jump to break Dwight Stones' world record, he also injected new life into what had been a dead issue*

The Soviet Union has produced more than its share of great athletes in recent years, among them Vasily Alexeyev, the weight lifter; Vladislav Tretak, the hockey goalie; and Valeri Borzov, the sprinter. Now, out of the Ukrainian industrial city of Zaporozhe (pop. 744,000), springs a new hero, 18-year-old Vladimir Yashchenko. When he high-jumped 7' 7½" earlier this month in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. junior track meet in Richmond, Va., breaking Dwight Stones' mark of 7' 7½", Yashchenko became the youngest world-record holder in the history of the event. And because he uses the straddle style, which has been eclipsed of late by the Fosbury Flop, he has rekindled the debate over which of those two techniques is better.

What nobody disputes is that Yashchenko enjoys a very bright future.

While other high-jump stars have faded fast—a prime example being the University of Wisconsin's Pat Matzdorf, who set a world record in 1971 and disappeared practically the moment he landed in the pit—the 6' 3½" Yashchenko is a growing boy who is still honing his technique. His coaches feel he is capable of clearing a stratospheric 7' 9" in the not too distant future.

With angelic features, curly blond hair and a fondness for Western-style rock music, Yashchenko gives the impression of being a lighthearted soul. He enjoys tossing Frisbees with friends before workouts and is so amiably disorganized that he is invariably the last one to board buses on trips, prompting teammates to say with a sigh, "O.K., Yashchenko is here—we can go now." With strangers, though, he is shy to the point of being

tongue-tied and seems unlikely to allow his sudden fame to distract him. He is serious enough about high jumping that he has been known to sleep with his track shoes beneath his pillow and he admits, "All I think about is clearing that bar."

That kind of dedication is pretty much essential among straddle-style, or side-ways, jumpers. Until the late 1960s, the straddle was the way to high-jump, its foremost practitioner having been Russia's Valeri Brumel, who set his first world record in 1961 at the then unthinkable age of 19 and went on to win the Olympic gold medal in 1964 with a jump of 7' 1½". But four years later, American Dick Fosbury became the Olympic champion using his now familiar backward flop. The technique gained immediate acceptance, not only because of Fosbury's success but because it is easier to master than the straddle. Some coaches, especially those in Eastern Europe, have maintained that the straddle is the better style and point out that it is used by East Germany's Rosemarie Ackermann, who holds the women's record of 6' 5½". But so many of the event's other top performers are now floppers that the matter seemed largely resolved in their favor—until Yashchenko.

In confusing the issue anew, Yashchenko is just doing what came naturally in Zaporozhe, where his father is a retired steelworker and his mother a letter carrier. The young Yashchenko, who is still known by the diminutive Volodya, attended a lot of local track meets as a lad, afterward going onto the field with other youngsters to imitate the athletes. By age 11, Volodya was showing such promise in the high jump that his older brother Anatoli, a factory worker, enrolled him in a sports training center.

Yashchenko resolved to remain a straddler. "My idol, Brumel, used the straddle and I didn't want to switch," he says. His coach at the training center, Vasil Telegin, had no intention of converting him to the newfangled flop. Telegin concedes that the straddle takes years to master but he also says that Yashchenko is a born jumper. "I've never seen a youngster his age with such a perfect straddle technique," Telegin says. "He still jumps the same way he did when he started. The details have been improved but the basics are the same."

To avoid what Telegin calls "oversaturation" with the high jump, Yashchenko was encouraged to play handball, basket-

continued



Yashchenko's comrades kept him up after he topped his personal best by 2½ inches for the new mark

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ball and water polo. He also was trained in the use of autosuggestion. Meanwhile, Vladimir Dyachkov, Brumel's former coach, was called upon to help Yashchenko master the intricacies of high jumping. Dyachkov, a professor in Moscow's Central Sports Institute, has remained a devotee of the straddle style; under his tutelage Yashchenko improved dramatically, clearing 6' 8" as a 16-year-old in 1975, then going 7' 5" last year.

What Yashchenko did at Richmond was a shock, nevertheless. After winning the event over Thurlis Gibbs of San Jose City College at 7' 1", and then jumping 7' 5½" to break his personal record, the bar was raised to 7' 7". He cleared that height with a good inch to spare to top the European record by one-half inch, and it was obvious that Stones' mark was in unanticipated jeopardy. When Yashchenko made his 7' 7½" jump, his Russian teammates tossed him into the air three times like a beach ball. The bar was later set at 7' 8½", a height never before attempted in competition, and he missed all three

tries. Coming as it did after all the celebrating, the first attempt was remarkably close; he went over, only to nuck the bar with his trailing leg.

With straddle-style jumpers suddenly in possession of both the men's and women's world records, boosters like Dyachkov feel vindicated. "People looking for quick results select the flop," he says. "I'm not knocking the flop—it is easier, technically—but I believe in the straddle because it's more stable and there is virtually no limit to the amount of technical improvement that's possible."

Among those Americans who agree is Maryland Track Coach Frank Costello. Costello was a straddler during his own days as a star high jumper a decade ago. He still believes it the superior style, but he finds himself forced to coach floppers "because you find very few high school straddle jumpers when you recruit and it's too late to change them. The straddle is almost a lost art in this country. It's a great technique but it has to be taught correctly, the way the Soviets do. Maybe

this world record will encourage jumpers to take up the straddle again."

The issue could be further complicated by flopper Stones, who says he wants the world record back—this season. He also hankers for a meeting with Yashchenko. "The Russian broke my record under zero pressure, when nobody was expecting anything from him," says Stones. "He's beaten a height, not a person." A showdown could occur in September at track and field's first World Cup in Düsseldorf, West Germany, but the Russians might elect to hold back their young star and instead enter the more experienced Alekandr Grigoryev. "I have a strong feeling I won't meet the kid this year," says Stones.

For his part, Yashchenko hedges, saying, "I'll probably get to know my rivals better pretty soon." Beyond that, his country's newest sports hero has no definite plans other than to continue his studies at the Soviet Sports Institute in Kiev. And, of course, to keep thinking about clearing that bar. **END**



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# ***Fight On! And On***





# and On

*Round after round, Sayers and Heenan battled in a ring set up in the English countryside, each becoming more battered, more hideous to behold, more determined to win the championship*

**By Alan Lloyd**



CONTINUED

**T**om Sayers, a bricklayer and pub owner from Camden Town in the north of London, was 5' 8½" and weighed little more than 150 pounds, but he was one of the few bareknuckle fighters in the 1850s with a string of knockout victories. In those days, when a fighter fell or was knocked down, the stricken man's seconds hauled him to his corner where, perched on the leg of a kneeling attendant, he received sponge-and-towel therapy. Rounds were not of set duration but continued until a fighter was down. His corner then had half a minute to revive him and return him to scratch, a line drawn in the center of the 24' by 24' ring, or concede defeat.

With no system of scoring and no limit to the number of rounds involved, a fight became a battle of attrition, with exhaustion playing an increasing role. Ordinarily, neither man tried for a knockout. Both knew that the half-minute count curtailed the chances of a coup de grace, and heavy punching invited knuckle injury, a disastrous consequence in a barefisted fight. Instead, the pugilists went for soft targets, chiseling at heart and kidneys, rabbit-punching, holding and hitting. They also hugged and threw their opponents to the ground and then "accidentally" fell on them.

Yet Sayers, whose career began in 1849, stopped Jack Martin in 1853 with a blow that left Martin senseless for five minutes. In 1854 George Sims fell to Sayers in the fourth round. In 1855 he wore down and eventually knocked out Harry Poulson, who outweighed him by nearly 20 pounds. He also defeated Aaron Jones, a heavier opponent with exceptional boxing skills, in a bout that took two days to complete. In 1857 he fought William Perry, "The Tipton Slasher," who was more than 6 feet tall and weighed 202 pounds, damaging him badly for more than an hour and a half before Perry's corner tossed in the sponge.

Six months after that, Sayers, now past 30, fought William Beinge and knocked him out in six minutes. In June 1858, in a brutal fight, he routed Tom Paddock, and in September 1859 disabled Bob Brettle in 15 minutes. Sayers' claim to the heavyweight championship belt, symbol of unquestioned superiority, was thus undisputed in Britain, and it remained for Americans to take up the challenge.

The American who stepped forward was a superb young athlete named John Carmel Heenan, who had moved to New York from California and whose strong-arm services in recent elections had pleased local politicians and earned him a sinecure in the New York Customs house.

Heenan stood almost 6' 2" and weighed 190 pounds. Broad shoulders, narrow hips and a handsome smoothly groomed head gave him an unmistakably athletic appearance. "His frame was a model for a sculptor," said one of his backers. "Every muscle was developed, every tendon and sinew visible. It is doubtful if such a Herculean specimen had been seen in the prize ring for many years." Heenan, then 22, had perfected his physique by swinging a 32-pound sledge for 12 hours a day in foundries in Benicia, Calif., where he fought local favorites on weekends for extra cash. He was known to his backers as the "Benicia Boy."

If there was a doubt about the "Boy," it was his tem-

perament. Easygoing and amiable, Heenan preferred dressing up and making friends, particularly women friends, to stripping down and fighting. Before challenging Sayers, he had lost to American champion John Morrissey, an outcome blamed upon illness and poor conditioning; experts insisted that Heenan was actually the superior fighter. He became a hero in New York, and when Morrissey announced his retirement, Heenan was accepted as the American champion. That his fighting career consisted of a sin-



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gle contest of note, and a defeat to boot, was overlooked.

Heenan's manager was Jim Casick, a friend from Benicia. His trainer was Aaron Jones, who, after being beaten by Sayers, had been imported to instruct Heenan in the scientific aspects of boxing. The two men began talking eagerly about the prize ring in England and a match with Sayers. Why not invade Britain to carry off Sayers' championship belt? Heenan, at first awed by the prospect, warmed to it. Letters were sent to England, where the attraction of

a fight between the champions of the Old World and the New World was obvious. Arrangements were made, and on the last day of December 1859 Heenan and his backers sailed from New York.

Three months after Heenan reached England, *The New York Herald* reported: "The match has finally been fixed for Tuesday, the 17th of April. The tickets are not yet issued, nor is it generally known that the day has been settled. . . . An impression is being circulated, with a view, I think, to put the police off the scent, that the mill will come off at a very great distance from London."

The fight organizers had been "very careful about giving any information which might, by leaking out, aid the police and magisterial authorities in the determined effort they are making to prevent the fight." Confidentially, the American press was told, tickets would go on sale in London on the evening of April 16, and a rail excursion would leave the city before daylight the next morning.

Throughout that Monday the boxing Fancy streamed into London by train and road from all over the country. Beseet by rumors, much of the city passed the day in confusion about the fight. Strangers stopped each other on the sidewalk asking for news of the arrangements. Enterprising peddlers sold worthless tickets to the gullible, and one newspaper put out an "extra" announcing that the battle was over and that Heenan had been whipped.

The sale of tickets began after dark. By now the crowds outside the taverns where tickets were available were inclined to be unruly, and it was seen as a nice touch when policemen on duty in the streets helped keep order. The tickets themselves specified no destination. Having paid for the ticket, the purchaser was instructed to be at London Bridge rail terminal by four o'clock in the morning.

While many ticket-holders retired for some early rest, the remainder of the Fancy, including Americans, settled for a night of entertainment. The sporting pubs soon became centers of carousing. The names of Heenan and Sayers were on all lips, and wherever men of fighting interest met, the talk was of form and betting odds.

At about three in the morning the fight-bound visitors departed from their London hotels. "A pretty English chambermaid awoke us from a short doze," wrote one American. "We descended to the coffee room and after receiving some refreshments entered a hansom and pushed toward London Bridge. The shops along our route were closed. All the population had vacated the streets. As we continued, we were joined by several cabs and hansoms, the mysterious conduct of the drivers revealing the mission on which they were employed."

As the travelers drew near London Bridge terminal, the flicker of vehicle lamps denoted a convergence of traffic. Outside the terminal, awaiting its opening, was "an immense crowd, all desirous of entering. There were dukes, lords, earls and even ministers; there were the first members of the press, merchants, lawyers." There were also butchers from New-

continued

*On April 16, 1859, the night before the fight, the Fancy caroused in pubs and through the streets*



## Fight On! continued

gate, fishmongers from Billingsgate, barkeepers from New York, brokers from Boston; contingents from Bristol, Birmingham, Doncaster; Scots, Welshmen, Irishmen. Hansoms, packed to the doors, disgorged all-night revelers, still singing the ditties of the music halls. Uniformed coachmen juggled hampers from Fortnum and Mason, although many excursionists had their breakfasts in their pockets.

The station was opened at a quarter to four. "There were perhaps never so many passengers assembled on a railway platform who knew and addressed each other by their Christian names," wrote one of them. Among many stories circulating was one that said detectives had orders to arrest Sayers, who was bound for the station concealed in a horse box. A persistent rumor had Lord Palmerston, the British prime minister, among the crowd. According to another story, Queen Victoria had demanded immediate news of the fight result.

The first train was full and ready to leave London Bridge by 4 a.m. Among the last to board was Sayers, appearing fresh and brisk in a natty suit of green twill. For a while, fears were prevalent that Heenan would not arrive—that the police had taken him. Then he, too, appeared on the platform. Latecomers were still scrambling for seats on a second train as, walking rapidly, Heenan's party entered a reserved compartment. Moments afterward, steam gushed to the station roof, couplings clattered, the cars lurched. "Dawn was just streaking the horizon with gray," wrote an American reporter, "when the two immense serpentlike trains set off, we knew not whither."

Before the city was fully behind them, dawn had broken. Peering through smutty windows, the travelers saw beside the track officers of the law in countless numbers, "all armed with cutlasses." Apprehension seized the travelers. "Every 15 or 20 feet for more than a mile was a policeman. Occasionally, we passed a little knot of three or four, with a mounted man at their head who, upon our approach, galloped off as if to communicate with other parties. This looked ominous. Our party began to express supreme disgust at the prospect of interference."

But it soon became evident that the trains were not to be halted. The constabulary was there to prevent the Fancy from getting off at one or another of the more open parts of metropolitan London. The passengers relaxed and the trains sped on, following the main Dover and Brighton line which channeled traffic south from London.

At Reigate Junction in Surrey, there was a burst of excitement as those familiar with railway routes noted a change of track. The trains had switched from the main south-bound lines and were running west toward Hampshire.

Near the timbered market town of Guildford, where the locomotives stopped to take on water, the trains turned southwestward on a line that crossed the Surrey-Hampshire headlands. Gorse and heather grew by the track. Careening past the hamlet of Witley, the crowded trains came to a stop at a remote Hampshire village called Farnborough. The length of the trains far exceeded that of the station platform, and the bulk of the passengers descended directly to the grassy banks.

As they did, Tom Oliver, the ring-maker, was already heading across country with his staff. Like boys out of school, the travelers, in the thousands, gave lusty chase. Coattails



The fans knew when they were going—but nobody knew where

and scarves flying, clutching top hats and bowlers, old and young, lords and commoners, away they dashed with the gusto of harriers. There was about half a mile to cover, in places marshy. Several Americans advanced with whoops and war cries. Behind came lads from the East End of London on the outing of a lifetime. In the rear were elderly gentlemen with pince-nez and overweight plutocrats.

"By a quarter past seven o'clock, the ropes were stretched and everything was in readiness. The ground was soft and damp and felt as if it might be easy to fall upon. The ring-keepers, 21 of the principal London pugilists, were stationed on the outside of the ropes to keep order. The crowd waited impatiently."

At about 20 past seven, Sayers appeared at ringside, flipped his hat over the ropes and ducked after it. The cheering was tumultuous. Almost immediately, Heenan, wearing an overcoat over a gray suit, stepped into the ring, and the fighters saw each other for the first time. For a moment, they exchanged appraising glances, then advanced to shake hands amid more applause. According to Englishman Harry Hill, "Sayers walked across to Heenan, who kind of met him halfway. Sayers says, 'How are you, my boy? A fine morning, this.' 'Yes,' says Heenan, 'we've got a beautiful

morning for it." "Yes," says Sayers, "if a man can't fight on such a day as this, he can't fight at all."

Swiftly, the contestants shed their outer garments. Beneath them they wore white fighting breeches and stockings, with high quartered boxing shoes. Heenan's aroused comment, being elastic-sided rather than of the normal lace-up variety. "When stripped," observed an American correspondent, "Sayers showed a splendid development of chest and neck, and apparently more breadth of shoulder than his opponent, but Heenan towered over him." There was a murmur of admiration from the crowd when it saw Heenan's physique. "He was at once recognized as the most magnificent athlete ever seen in the prize ring." The American had shaved off his mustache and had his hair cut close in the traditional fighting style. He looked extremely fit and handsome. An old fighter muttered, "Well, Tom may beat him, but I'm beggared if he'll eat him."

**A**t 154 Sayers weighed some 20 pounds less than had Morrissey when Heenan fought him. Heenan was 190. "Tom's work seemed indeed cut out," wrote Henry Mills, an English reporter. "Heenan stood fully four inches over him, with the longer reach. Every muscle on the American's broad back, shoulders and arms was well developed, and evidenced enormous power. His legs were rather light, but not lacking wire and activity. His skin was exceedingly fair and transparent, and shone like that of a thoroughbred." Quick to note his lack of color, a cockney in the crowd announced cheerfully, "It's the Magnesian Boy!"

Of Sayers, Mills wrote: "Tom looked brown and hard as nails; his well-knit frame seemed fitter than we have seen it for years. . . . The only points in which there seemed any advantage on his side were in his loins and legs, which were cast in a decidedly stronger mold than those of his opponent. . . . That Tom had the remotest qualms as to the result we do not for an instant believe. He smiled confidently."

Heenan also contrived to look composed, though the equanimity of both men appeared strained. "There was a false laugh on each face which was meant to be agreeable." If Sayers had cause to fear his adversary's size and youthfulness, the Boy had equal cause for apprehension. Sayers' toughness and fighting talents were on record. That his own were not attested by the odds—7 to 4 against him.

There was a strange tremor in the crowd as the men took their positions. "There was something in this great fight which the whole nation recognized. . . . It affected all classes. . . . It was magnetic."

At a minute to half-past seven, a roar of applause greeted the advance of the fighters to scratch. As they paused, arms uplifted for a signal, the roar died. "The atmosphere is suddenly breathless with tension, hushed with an eerie silence. Trees seemed to cease their rustling. The twitter of birds breaks off in midair. It is a stark silence which spreads quietly across England, across the deep Atlantic, to wash against the shores of America. The two men stand motionless, big with battle." The crowd, too, was motionless. Heenan flexed his shoulders. The hard, sad face of Sayers became intense. There was a shout:

"Time!"

The battle of the champions opened at a tempo characteristic of the prize ring. For what would have been well over a round under Marquis of Queensberry boxing rules, which had not yet been established, the combatants performed a flatfooted ritual skirmish, as innocuous as it was ponderous. Fists and arms wove menacing patterns, heads bobbed and inclined, bodies swayed with unlearned elegance. Among uninitiated spectators the preliminaries evoked cynicism. "For nearly five minutes," complained one, "neither pugilist gave or received a blow." The Fancy, however, voiced encouragement. The pugilists responded with some play for the audience. Sayers, evading a lead from Heenan, shrugged ironically, the melancholy clown. Heenan shook his head and grinned when Sayers missed.

The sparring drifted toward Heenan's corner, where a Praetorian Guard of some 50 or 60 Americans had massed to protect their man's interests. The sun, still low, made Sayers blink and squint. Suddenly the temper changed. Heenan's face twisted as a brown fist caught his nose. Counters followed. Sayers found the face again, ducking his opponent's blow. Blood seeped from Heenan's nostrils. The prelude was over. It had happened in an instant—the instant that transforms every fight crowd. There was uproarious applause, for Sayers had drawn first blood.

"Unruly spectators leaped up from the grass and danced wildly near the ropes, while the ring-keepers applied their sticks without stint or favor to heads and shoulders. . . . Large sums of money were offered on either fighter. Aristocratic eyes stared intensely through eyeglasses."

Heenan restored the balance shortly afterward. Closing to wrestle, he caught Sayers round the neck with a powerful arm, and as the Englishman replied with half-arm punches, threw him with convincing ease. The first round had been a warmup. Fifty pounds to 20 on Sayers found no takers. The

continued



American challenger John Heenan

English champion Tom Sayers

British champion advanced purposefully for the second round, deflecting and eluding Heenan's lunges with a dexterity that had baffled big men for many years. Again, a brown fist shot into Heenan's face. Smashing, the American lashed back. His supporters roared as he caught Sayers on the forehead, and, closing, flung him violently to the ground. The Boy landed with his full weight on Sayers' ribs.

If the winded champion was conscious of the cheers from Heenan's corner, they must have been capped by a second's urgent cry, "Don't let him wrestle you, Tom! You can't wrestle him!"

Sayers came out warily, backing off as the Boy advanced Heenan's speed, for his size, was unsettling. So was the force behind his left hand. Striking the bridge of Sayers' nose, Heenan sent him sprawling. Spectators gasped. There was no mistaking the Englishman's puzzled frown as he faced the fourth round. The incredible was happening. Heenan went straight to him, brushed off a warning shot and put him down with another left. This time it found the jaw. Sayers was carried to his corner. His supporters were thunderstruck. No one had treated the champion this way. Was it possible that the vanquisher of Poulson, Paddock and Perry had met his match—that the hard man of Camden was sinking so easily?

Round 5, Sayer's face flushed. He tried to evade his man. Heenan threw a wild punch, took a counter on the nose, then promptly dropped the Englishman. It was a massive blow. Turning to his seconds, Heenan "threw up both arms in jubilation." His supporters were "jumping in the air like antelopes, waving hats and shouting as though mad." Those close to him thumped his back "as if desirous of testing the thickness of the Boy's hide." Others chanted, "Five to one on Heenan"—odds unsupported by the betting but sufficiently indicative of the mood. One of the bruisers struggling to control the throng grunted dismally, "It's all up with Tom." Minutes later, with Sayers on his back again, the assertion seemed difficult to gainsay.

Heenan was visibly excited, perhaps overconfident. His delighted gestures at each knockdown expressed not only natural exuberance but also the unexpected developments. It is doubtful if victory seemed far away to him. At the same time, he had received enough blows from Sayers to be less euphoric than his wilder supporters. Those punches, deriving effect from skillful timing, were more dangerous than they looked. Heenan's neck and face bore revealing marks. Sayers glowered furiously. None was better placed to judge events up to that point. He had taken the falls; he possessed the experience. If one thing was clear in his mind, it was that Heenan, gambling the condition of his hands on a decisive blow, was taking a bold risk.

The Camden bruiser was resilient. He had yet to get the hang of the Benicia Boy, but there was time for that. No man, however strong, had ever knocked him out. More worrying to Sayers, though less evident to the crowd, was the sensation in his right arm: the throbbing pain that had developed when he deflected a blow with it in the sixth round. If the arm got worse, his position might indeed become desperate. Meanwhile, he summoned up all his ring generalship. Sayers came out for the seventh round grim-faced.

The subsequent drama and sensational climax of the great fight were founded in the seventh and eighth rounds, which

were as ruggedly daunting as they were long. For 13 and 20 minutes respectively, they held the Fancy in high suspense. "A constant roar of voices was raised round the ring. People at the back made frantic attempts to mount the shoulders of those in front. Nervous betting men, with heavy stakes on the outcome, got out of the melee and walked about the meadow. The wind hissed through the trees, and the hundred who cling to the bending branches shouted wildly for their favorites." So ferocious were the exchanges, as Sayers fought to restore his dented fortune, that unseasoned reporters were sickened.

"I cannot give our readers a technical description," admitted the representative of a New York journal. "It is the first prizefight I ever witnessed—and most certainly it will be the last." Even British writer Frederick Locker-Lampson, whose praise for the fighters was unreserved, recalled their injuries as "hideous and loathsome."

Heenan pursued his head start with eagerness. Shoulders

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*Excerpted from the book "The Great Prize Fight" by Alan Lloyd, to be published in August by Coward, McCann & Gehegan, Inc.*

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working, arms swinging, he pitched into his adversary. He had been counseled to take his time. Instead he attacked overanxiously, missing with both hands. Sayers evaded several sallies. At last, he was adjusting to Heenan's pace, beginning to anticipate the Boy's moves. Sayers looked more like a champion. The American charged again. This time Sayers braced himself and countered with a shot to the right cheek. It staggered Heenan, rasping flesh from his cheekbone. He was barely collected when Sayers found the same spot, compounding the gash and the swelling. Heenan went to his corner to have his face sponged. Both seconds now censured his impatience. "Cusick told him to steady up, not to rush, and the Boy seemed to acquiesce."

Sayers stood in the center of the ring, right arm throbbing. The limb had suffered. He held it awkwardly across his chest. Heenan returned to him more cautiously, fell short with two lefts, then missed with an uppercut. The target was no longer where he reckoned it. In place of the convenient victim of the early rounds flitted the will-o'-the-wisp who had reduced Paddock and Perry to enraged despair, a fighting shadow with a hunched fist. Relentlessly, as Heenan strove to put his man down, the hatchet chopped at his mangled cheek. It was the turn of the American to look confused, and of the London fans to get back at his supporters. "Two to one on Sayers!" they chanted delightedly.

Halfway through the seventh, Sayers raised his sights from Heenan's cheek to his right eye. It stopped a brutal blow, closing as he groped for a cold sponge. Impudently, Sayers idled nearby while Cusick swabbed his fighter, examining the outcome of his handiwork. Heenan's good eye glinted. Brushing the sponge aside, he strode forward angrily, throwing his powerful left with savage force. Sayers took it on his crippled arm. Wincing, he swayed from a second shot. It landed with enough impact to unbalance him and conclude the round.

As the seconds worked on the fighters, Sayers was more composed. "I done him that time," he said to those assembled around his corner. "It's an eye for an arm now." "You can't pretend that's a fair exchange," one of his sec-

*continued*

# WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO.

As diverse as BMW owners are—a sweeping assortment of business executives, professional people, movie stars and royalty—there is one thing they all seem to have in common: an unabashed enthusiasm for their BMW.

An enthusiasm that seems to increase as the years and miles go by.

What causes this exceedingly rare relationship between man and machine? Quite frankly, the caliber of the machine.

The BMW 530i is a luxury sedan designed by racing engineers. The very same engineers responsible for the prodigious reputation BMW has enjoyed over the past

decade on the great race circuits of the world.

German engineers who, in the words of the editor of Car and Driver magazine, believe that "...driving, like life, is a two-hands affair that should be grasped firmly, taken seriously and done well."

Under the hood of the BMW 530i is a three-liter, fuel-injected masterwork of engineering Road & Track magazine calls "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

The suspension is fully independent on all four wheels. Resulting in a degree of control and comfort so unique it will spoil you for the solid rear axle systems found on most

imported and all domestic sedans.

All told, it is a car so singularly enjoyable to drive that, in Germany, a land of legendary driving machines—as in the rest of Europe—BMW sells more high-performance luxury cars than any other manufacturer.

If you agree that extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money, we suggest you call a BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive



**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany



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onds replied, "You can if I do the other eye," replied Tom.

Round 8 was a grisly slog. Sayers opened the American's mauled cheek, going constantly for the head. Heenan's left flew dangerously, mashing his adversary's lips and gums. Old hands of the boxing press scribbled their jauntily prose:

"Tom crept in and pop went his left on the plaque spot—once more on the cheek with a slogger. Heenan retaliated sharply on the snout, but was stopped in a second attempt when Tom nailed him heavily and got away. Persevering, the Boy left a bump on the gallant Tom. More sparring until a severe counter-exchange took place, in which Tom got a hot 'an on the whistler which shook his wines and turned the tap on. It was a staggerer, but Tom recovered and went to his man. Heenan getting another rum one on the cheek and dropping his left on Tom's sneezer. Both now indulged in a wipe and washed their mouths out. They came again, like giants refreshed."

A different view:

"With the sun full on it, Sayers' face was like a hattered copper teakettle. He was frequently spitting blood. His right arm was stiff and helpless. Heenan's right eye was closed with a huge lump of blue flesh, his upper lip pulled out as if there were six rows of gums and teeth behind it. When Sayers gave a telling hit, he looked inquisitively at Heenan to see what he had done to him. When Heenan knocked Sayers down, he turned and opened his swollen mouth in gasping satisfaction."

At this stage, attention was diverted momentarily from the arena to the fringe of the audience. During the ninth round, two police officers had appeared, joined now by a couple more. More were on the way from nearby communities.

**B**etween the 10th and 20th rounds, both fighters were slower to scratch, less hurried in rising from the second's knee, but the rounds retained their viciousness. Repeatedly, Sayers was put down. Stubbornly, he came back. Occasionally, Heenan dropped with him. Two or three times, the Englishman fell as a saving ploy. More often, he was knocked off his feet by the larger man. Heenan no longer signaled exuberance. In the 13th, he turned to his corner after dropping his man and croaked, "That's one for you!" But he could barely force the words from his twisted mouth. Round 15: Sayers in a heap from a right to the jaw. Round 16: Sayers down from a blow in the mouth. Round 19: Sayers thrown by Heenan and fallen on.

Triumphantly cheering from Heenan's supporters greeted these events. But the Benicio Boy was paying dearly. His face registered the cost when he landed a heavy shot. An American wrote: "Both men, bruised and bloody, fought on bravely. . . We never could have believed that anything human could sustain such continued punishment."

Eighty-three. Round 21, and into the second hour of fighting: constant cheers and countercheers. A squad of perspiring police, arriving after a forced march, glimpsed two battered figures "locked like jungle trees" at the center of the bellowing, gesticulating mob. Observed *The Times of London*: "At this time, the police did their best to reach the ring, but the crowd kept them back."

While the police withdrew to regroup and await fresh reinforcements, Sayers' manager reached through the ropes and grabbed a stool for his fighter. Immediate protests from the opposite corner prompted Referee Francis Dowling to order its removal as contrary to the rules. Heenan kicked the offending object from the ring and charged in Sayers. Making to retreat, the Englishman turned suddenly and swung at Heenan with his damaged arm. It came up feebly, only to drop to his side, limp. Crashing forward, the American bowled his foe over and dropped on him. It seemed to those watching that the Boy's energy was limitless.

Sayers came out slowly for the 22nd round, looking exhausted. For a moment he surveyed Heenan's powerful frame as if pondering the extent of the crisis. His friends were silent. If the English champion needed reminding of the tactics required to snatch victory against the odds, it came anonymously from the crowd: "Put up his shutters, Tom!" called a hoarse voice. "The eye, Tom—shut up the other eye!" Sayers shuffled away from Heenan, twisting, dodging, hoping to regain strength.

Round 24: Sayers down again, ominously in a slight knock. Round 25: Heenan bores in and throws the Englishman. "Tom looks all in, rubbery with fatigue." Then, abruptly in the 26th, the brown fist found its objective, landing fully on the Boy's eye. Heenan stiffened. Furiously, he lashed back, staggering Sayers. The Camden bruiser shook his head. Encouraged by his bull's-eye, he returned to the target. The wounded fighters stood square-on, exchanging blows. Frantically the sporting journalists scribbled: "Heenan on the tato-trap. . . Tom on the nose, a smasher that draws the cork."

Heenan on the snorer, rocking the weary Tom.

To the delight of the British spectators, Sayers put another shot on Heenan's working eye, which began to close. English optimism was premature. The American immediately ran his man to the ropes and forced him down. Three more rounds saw Sayers desperately evading the Boy's tireless onslaughts. Heenan rushed him, pummeled him, threw him and crushed him with sheer weight. By the 29th, one or two voices were calling for Sayers to be stopped for his own sake. Defiantly, he pushed out his sound arm and carried on. Only the spongy swelling round Heenan's knuckles saved his foe from a knockout. But the American, too, was in trouble. His vision was failing—. "Both eyes appeared to have been stung by a swarm of bees."

Said Harry Hill, a New York barkeep, of Heenan's injuries: "I never saw such a head on a man in my life, and I never want to again. It was horrible, bloody, bruised and swelled out of shape." Wrote another reporter, "Heenan's remaining eye was quickly closing and evidently he had no time to lose. He was the stronger on his legs, but his punishment was far more visible than Tom's. He rushed at Tom in the 30th round, literally running over him." There were tense consultations in the corners. Sayers was urged to evade his man, to keep to the blind side, to hang on at all costs. Heenan was told to throw everything at Sayers before the American's left eye became as sightless as the right. The crowd was breathless, excited to "a pitch hardly equalled in pugilistic history."

Behind it, preparations were taking place for another battle. By now the police were mustered in substantial force. Led by a beefy Hampshire sergeant with a mustache "as

continued



# The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1994 B&W T Co. VANTAGE 100'S  
FILTER 10 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine, MENTHOL 10 mg "tar",  
0.7 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC 78,  
FILTER 100's 11 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

red and bushy as a stoat's tail," a score or so constables advanced resolutely, intent on reaching the ring itself. Oblivious to this diversion, the pugilists trundled to scratch again. Sayers swayed and raised his left in slow motion, a parody of weariness. Heenan cocked his head like a sick hen. Peering as if through a thickening meadow mist, he barged forward swinging his raw fists. They missed hopelessly. He peered again, threw his left and connected. Sayers was picked up by his seconds and returned for more. Another wild punch on the cheek put him down again. Now, Heenan came to scratch in a blind rush. The two collided and fell in a tangled heap. It was nine-thirty. They had fought for two hours.

**T**he police had fought a master of minutes, but already faces in their ranks were bleeding and tumors ripped. Grimly, they swung their sticks at the resisting crowd. As those in their path pressed forward to avoid the charge, others nearer the ring were impelled toward the stakes and ropes. Vainly, the ring-keepers struggled to hold them back. The fight proper entered Round 36. Heenan, out in a stumbling, groping sort, grabbed Sayers by the neck and tried to crush him. Unable to distinguish more than the shadow of his foe, the American had abandoned hope of a knock-down win and settled to wrestle a submission from his adversary. Sayers slipped through his arms to the scarred turf.

The Englishman could barely make scratch. Summoning the dregs of his energy, he watched Heenan raise himself and flounder toward him like a drunken giant. Sayers braced his legs and let his fist fly. Twice it smashed into the slit which was Heenan's left eye. Blindly, the Boy reeled forward with stretched arms, as if reaching for some dimly perceived ghost. Simultaneously, the crowd, recoiling from the constables, overran the ring-keepers and surged into the ring.

Discovering Sayers with his hands, Heenan applied a neck hold, forcing his opponent's throat against the ropes. The scene now was one of wholesale confusion. Policemen were fighting spectators at ringside. A number were even in the ring. Referee Dowling, submerged in the scumming, lost view of the pugilists, as did some reporters. Amid a bedlam of voices and insidious darkness, Heenan was conscious only of the need to maintain his hold. Slowly, he was choking the life from the English champion.

Accounts of the battle, up to this point, broadly agreed on facts. What followed was transcribed for posterity with less accord. Most reporters, deprived of privileged positions in the chaos resulting from the police charge, missed some or all of the remaining rounds. Henry Mills, swept through the ropes by encroaching spectators, struggled to the front, a protesting red-faced figure "among the driving crowd which swayed hither and thither in the broken ring." Everything, admitted an American correspondent, had become "inextricably confused. The referee had disappeared, and they were fighting amidst the crowd."

#### **Reported The Times:**

"Heenan had got Sayers' head under his left arm and, supporting himself by a stake with his right, held his opponent bent down as if he meant to strangle him. Sayers got his

left arm free and gave Heenan two dreadful blows on the face. Heenan, without relaxing his hold, turned himself so as to get his antagonist's neck over the rope, and then leaned on it with all his force. Sayers rapidly turned black in the face, and would have been strangled on the spot had both umpires not called simultaneously to cut the ropes. This was done at once, and both men fell heavily on the ground. The police now made a determined effort nearby, which those present seemed equally determined to prevent. . . the enclosure was inundated by a dense mob which scarcely left the combatants six square feet to fight in."

Dowling, seeing the ring overrun by spectators, declared a cessation of hostilities. After two hours and six minutes, the fight officially was at an end. If this pronouncement ever penetrated the frantic human mass enclosing the fighters and their seconds, it was dismissed as a rumor blown to rob one or the other side of victory. Almost dementedly, the bettors at the center of the mob spurred their favorites to a last decisive effort. Outside, less fanatical supporters were already streaming toward the trains. Others, including a resolute band of Americans, fought a holding action with the constables, convinced their man must win within minutes. Inside the wall of bodies, the prize fight of the century, now a grotesque brawl, continued for five more rounds.

They were an indescribable shambles. Sayers was almost too weary to stand up. "His mouth and nose were dreadfully beaten, and the side of his head and forehead," Heenan—"almost unrecognizable as a human being"—flailed his arms in desperation, falling over his opponent. Several times he swung blows at spectators, mistaking them for Sayers. He stumbled blindly into one of Sayers' seconds and knocked him down. Another, jumping forward to intervene, stopped a wild swing from the American and crumpled. A third shape loomed before the Boy's ineffective eyes. This time it was Sayers. A bizarre rally ensued, Heenan beating empty space around his adversary. Sayers practically incapable of throwing a punch without collapsing. Falling into each other's arms, they dropped to earth hopelessly.

It was their final throw. Dowling, having forced his way through the scrimmage, reaffirmed his order to end the fight, and the rear guard of the Fancy retreated toward the railway. The men had fought for two hours and 20 minutes, through 42 rounds in all. Sayers had to be supported on either side and half-dragged away. Heenan, in a crazy display of bravura, sprinted a short distance before halting and dropping his face into tortured hands. A screen of British and American supporters covered the fighters' withdrawal from the meadow, but the outnumbered police did not follow. They, too, had had enough, and stopped to tend to their wounds. Mills, hurrying ahead of Sayers, was in time to see him lifted, undiscerning, into his compartment.

On the morning after the contest it was confirmed at Dowling's office that because of the breaking of the ring and police intervention, the referee's decision was for a drawn battle. He later suggested that the title should be shared and that a replica belt be made and awarded to each fighter. A minority disagreed, but most people held the honors to be equal. As Harry Hall summed it up, "I don't believe there's anyone in the world could tell who was the better man. They were both worse off than I ever want to be, and both fought to win until the bitter end."

## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 19-17

**BOATING**—MERLIN, a 67-foot ultralight sloop skippered by Bill Lee, smashed the 6-year-old *TransPacific* record by almost a full day, covering the 2,225 miles from Los Angeles to Honolulu in eight days, 11 hours, one minute and 46 seconds. The old record was held by *Windward Passage*.

Defending national powerboating champion JOEL HALPERN drove Beep Beep Inc.'s 34-foot Cobra to victory in the Benthams Grand Prix off Point Pleasant Beach, N.J. Halpern finished the 177.4-mile course 17 minutes ahead of second-place finisher Preston Hyatt.

**BOWLING**—MARK ROTH became the third man in the history of the PBA to take three straight tournaments when he edged Bobby Flagman to win the \$40,000 Southern California Open in Norwalk.

**BOXING**—WILFREDO GOMEZ of Puerto Rico retained his WBC super bantamweight title with a fifth-round knockout of Mexico's Raul Trejo in San Juan.

**GOLF**—RAY FLOYD shot a fourth-round 89 for a record 13-under-par 271 to win the Pleasant Valley Golf Classic in Sutton, Mass., defeating Jack Nicklaus by a stroke. It was Nicklaus' second straight second-place finish. The 130,000 first prize pushed Floyd's career earnings over the \$1 million mark, making him the 13th player to reach that plateau. No. 14 was 37-year-old Julian Barron, who picked up \$493,234 for a tie for 16th.

JOYNE CARNER posted a final-round 71 for a nine-under-par 207 to take the *Borden Classic* by one shot over rookie Pat Meyers in Dublin, Ohio. The \$12,900 that Carner earned for her 14th tournament victory pushed her 1977 earnings to \$49,268, tops on the LPGA tour.

**HARNESS RACING**—Completing in his first stakes race of the year, ESCORT (\$140,000) driven by Karl J. Case won the final of the \$425,000 Meadows Pace by one length over favorite Nis Lobell. The 24-stay race required two elimination heats, one of which was won by B.G.'S BUNNY in 1:34, world-record time for 3-year-old pacers. But B.G.'s Bunny was scratched from the final after discovery of a fourth fracture of the left hind cannon bone. He was then retired. Escort earned \$215,100 for the victory.

**HORSE RACING**—Setting a stakes record of 1:59 1/5 on the 1 1/8-mile course, **GLOWING TRIESTE** (55-60) edged Fleet Victory by half a length in the \$109,500 Sheephead Bay Stakes at Belmont Park. The 4-year-old filly was ridden by Jorge Velazquez.

**PRIVATE TROUBLES** (130-80) Ramon Perez upped the 30-1-190 Cornhunger Handicap at Ak-Sun Ben in Omaha by two lengths over Laniar. The 4-year old colt covered the 1 1/8 miles in 1:40.

**B. THOUGHTFUL** (4:50, ridden by Don Parrie) won the \$100,214 Hollywood Ladies Stakes, a six-furlong race for 2-year-old fillies, by 2½ lengths over Sweet Little Lady at Hollywood Park.

**HYDROPLANING**—MICHAEL REMUND, driving Miss Rushmore, won the second victory of the 1977 season in the Hydroplane Race at Dayton. Averaging 105.381 mph for the 53-mile race, Remund bested the second-place boat, Miss Esquire Products, by 29.2 seconds.

**IGTOR SPORTS**—Averaging 130 mph, defending world champion JAMES HUNT drove his McLaren to an easy victory in the British Grand Prix at Silverstone. Niki Lauda, finishing second, increased his lead in the current championship standings to seven points over Mauro Andretti and Jody Scheckter.

DARRELL WALTRIP won the Nippon 400 Grand National, beating Richard Petty by two laps. First place was worth \$6,813.

**KEET SHOOTING**—Posting a three-day total of 285 out of a possible 300, SP4 JOSEPH CLEMMONS won the U.S. championship in Paoli. Mr. IRA HILL retained his women's title with a score of 277.

**OCCER**—Minnesota's Ade Coker picked up his first hat-trick of the season as the Kicks silenced Seattle 4-0. Later in the week the Kicks blanketed Tampa Bay 1-0 on a Steve Linn penalty kick and opened up a comfortable 25-point lead in the NASL's Western Division. Dallas

typped by St. Louis 1-0 to keep the best record 115-4 in the league and an eight-point Southern lead over Los Angeles, which lost to San Luisdore 5-1 in a 5-3 day. Lowly Connecticut 14-11 edged Las Vegas 4-3 in overtime and QuakerState Coach Derek Thoen found himself out of a job the next day. Trevis was replaced by Assistant Coach Ann Fryatt. The Cosmos fell out of first place in the East after dropping their fifth straight game on the road, a 3-0 loss to Rochester. Reprising to the friendly Meadowlands, however, Pelé & Co. chopped down Portland 2-0 to such within four points of the win-loss.

**ENNIS**—The Los Angeles Sparks doubled their victory—*from three to six*—in one week's play, winning 14 straight sets as they beat Indiana 126-101, the N.

sets 130-11 and *Phonics* 129-108. The *News*, the second longest, had three of his songs, matches and quoted in his Charles. *Parade* is an underdog in men's doubles. Since Nistore joined the team, attendance has gone up more than 50%. The home team in the East the New York Apple, survived the first WTT match ever to be postponed by an "act of God"—the blizzard—and went on to win all three of its matches. Wimbledon champ and Apple-of-New-York-eyez Virginia Wade was in form in the just-ago past five games while beating Terry Hoadley. Duane Frommberg and Sue Appleby, Cleveland, won water polo matches slightly less than 10-14. The *News* carried her first victory over a team to seven and opened his league-leading winning percentage in 1981 (page 6).

Argentina's GUILLERMO VELAZ outlasted the Kroger of Czechoslovakia 5-7 6-2 4-6 6-3, 6-2 to win the International Tournament in Križžabepel, Aysara. In the women's final, RENATA TOMANOVA topped Kana Ebuchi 4-1 7-5.

**VOLLEYBALL**—After losing at San Diego 16-7 earlier in the week, El Paso/Las Cruces 17-18 rebounded against the Breakers at home, winning 12-7, 7-12, 9-12, 12-10, 8-5 as the teams, incredibly, had a combined 614 hitting attempts. The Sol's brightest ray is Ed Skorch, who leads the league in kills (403) and stuff blocks (100). The Phoenix Heat beat Tucson 12-6, 12-9, 10-12, 12-9 as South Goshute contributed 75 assists, a season high in the NVA. The East beat the West 13-11, 12-8, 6-12, 12-6 (on Sunday night) • All-Star Game in the Den ver Auditorium Arena.

**VILIPENTS**—FRED NORM SHERRY, 46, is manager of the California Angels. Previous manager in the American League West, the Angels won 95 games out of first place with a 39-42 record. Sherry was replaced by 56-year-old DAVE GARBI (the Angels' third-base coach). Garbi then hired FRANK ROBINSON, recently dismissed as manager of the Cleveland Indians, as first base coach.

**SIGNED:** JAMAAAL WILKES, 24, by the Los Angeles Lakers to a multiyear contract. Wilkes, a 6'6 1/2" forward who has averaged 16.5 points a game in his three professional seasons, played out his option with the Golden State Warriors.

## CREDITS

4—Drawing by Michael Rattuz. 20—Manny Mikan. 21—James Drake. 22—James Drake. 28—Manny Mikan. 44—Tony Triolo. 45—Larry Barfield Action Photography. 46—Official U.S. Marine Corps photograph. 47—Eye The Virginian Photo/Ladder Star. Don Miller's look is in the News.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**HENRY HELLIGAN**  
Hull City, Eng.



Miligan, a senior at A. I. du Pont High, was Delaware's Athlete of the Year. He was an all-time defensive back, two-time state wrestling champ (167 pounds) and the state's leading home-run and RBI man as an all-state third baseman.

**LUDWIG MANTLEY**  
(1895-1968, U.S.A.)



LuLong, 17, won the Los Angeles Women's Amateur Golf Championship by five strokes, shooting 77-76-78-231. LuLong, who plays No. 1 on the El Camino High boys team, was low amateur in the Kathryn Crosby Invitational earlier this year.

**TOM FACHELLI**  
Singer, Songwriter, Producer



Priching for the Yankees in the Adirondack Little League Team, 12, did not allow an earned run in 44 innings while striking out 93 and compiling a 7-0 record. Team also batted .587 and led the league with nine home runs in 24 games.

**JENNIFER WYLLIAMS**  
 Fiction Editor, *McSweeney's*, N.Y.C.



Jesse, a senior at Princeton Anne High, was undefeated this season in the 100-yard dash. He won the state championship with a meet-record 9.5 and the Atlanta Track Classic in 9.3, tying Houston McTeer's meet record.

PATRICIA WALKER  
 2000-2001

Farr, 17, singlehandedly won the state 1-A track championships for Yalin High with records in the long jump (19' 9 3/4") and high jump (5' 8 1/2") and winning two other events. She also won the AAU junior women's pentathlon with a 403 points.

RICH PETITO  
Savannah, Illinois

Rack, 13, collected his 24th consecutive first place in the shotput while winning his third straight AAU Junior Olympic state championship with a toss of 44' 2". Rack also won the state AAU title in the discus with a state-record throw of 137' 5".

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DUOS

Sir

Nolan Ryan and Frank Tanana (*This Guy Tanana's No Second Banana*, July 11): "The best pair of starting pitchers since Koufax and Drysdale"? How soon we forget Palmer-Cuellar or Palmer-McNally, Seaver-Koonman or Seaver-Matlack, Hunter-Blue, Gibson-Carlton or even McDowell-Tiant. The Angels duo has yet to establish itself on a par with these others, though in a few years it very well may.

HOWARD M. LIVERANCE  
Ridgewood, N.J.

## WIMBLEDON

Sir

I almost canceled my subscription to *SI* when you didn't put A. J. Foyt on the cover after his record fourth victory here at the 500. I'm glad I didn't because your articles on Wimbledon were classics.

RICHARD W. SUMMERS  
Indianapolis

Sir

Suggesting that the major reason Chris Evert lost to Virginia Wade was because Jimmy Connors didn't attend the match is utterly ridiculous and an insult to Miss Evert. She is a professional who doesn't lose a match because of some petty outside factor; she was completely outplayed by Wade.

SEAN O'NEIL  
Scituate, Mass.

Sir

The mocking of Bjorn Borg's accent was in poor taste. Having lived in Scandinavia for several years, I have seen how hard the people there try to learn our language. At least Borg can speak English when he is interviewed here. Can American players speak Swedish or other languages when they go abroad to play? Or do they even attempt to learn?

KELLY CRAVER  
Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir

It is Virginia Wade's victory that buoyed the

hearts of the tennis fan and amateur player for a decade and a half. We've been able to identify with her erratic play and exasperating on-court emotional dramas—and, all too often, been let down. Despite being the most technically complete player in women's tennis, she has never won her rightful share. And her collapse made us all the more sympathetic as we were reminded of ourselves.

THOMAS HILTON  
Brooklyn

## SLEW

Sir

Great horses like Man o' War and Native Dancer were allowed one mistake. How come this is so different with Seattle Slew (*New Blood West*, July 11)?

BRIAN HOUMSTROM  
Waterville, Maine

## HASTINESS DEFENDED

Sir

Your SURGE CARD item on the *Nastase* (July 4) was nothing more than another attack on

continued

## Ripley's—Believe It or Not!



THE ICE CREAM SODA IS MORE THAN A CENTURY OLD! IT WAS FIRST MADE IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1874!

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ICE CREAM SUNDAE WAS FASHIONED IN McLEAN, VA., JULY 13, 1975. IT WEIGHED OVER 3,956 LBS. AND CONTAINED 777 GALLONS OF ICE CREAM!



# JIM BEAM

and ice cream whip up an "ICE BEAM SODA!"

START WITH 1 OZ JIM BEAM, ADD 3/4 OZ. GREEN CREME DE MENTHE, PLUS A SCOOP OF VANILLA ICE CREAM. ADD 4 OZ. SODA WATER, MIX IN BLENDER AND ENJOY!

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 50 PROOF. (50% ALC/VOL) 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

# It's tough to get to be a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln engine.

All Ford Motor Company engines are the result of one tough test after another. Here are just a few.

This is a Camshaft Feeler feeling a camshaft... 'cause a flaw in a camshaft could mean a rough running engine. That's 'cause the camshaft makes the valves open and close... exactly when they're supposed to.

See, if there's even the eensiest-weensiest flaw in the shape of the camshaft... the Camshaft Feeler finds it. See that big bump on the graph? That's just a teenie little piece of tape I stuck on a camshaft... and the Camshaft Feeler found it.

It can find a flaw down to .000050 of an inch. It's tests like this that help keep you from getting a rough running engine.

That's why... 8 hours a day, 5 days a week... someone... somewhere is feeling camshafts for Ford, Mercury or Lincoln engines.

## The Camshaft Feeler Test



Any engine that really wants to be a Ford Motor Company engine has to pass The Hot Test... on' that's ten tough tests!

#1... Oil Pressure, #2... Fuel-Air Mixture, #3... Ignition Timing, #4... Engine Noise, #5... Coolant Leaks, #6... Fuel Leaks, #7... Oil Leaks, #8... Idling Smoothness, #9... Overall Engine Performance, #10... Exhaust Leaks.

Every engine Ford Motor Company builds has to pass every one of these 10 final tests.

If it don't... it don't get to go into a Ford Motor Company car.

This Red Hot Test is no picnic. It's the Engine Durability Test. Engines that get picked for this tough test have to run on a dynamometer for 100 hours at throttle speeds up to 125 mph.

Exhaust pipes get red hot... hot enough to toast a marshmallow. After one-hundred-red-hot-hours, engines get torn down and checked out... for wear and tear.

Now that's a tough test. And any engine design that can't take the heat... doesn't get to go into a Ford Motor Company car.

Tough testing makes for tough engines so at Ford Motor Company we do a lot of it.

## The Red Hot Test



It's simple. Ford wants to be your car company.

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## 19TH HOLE continued

a fine athlete. Nastase's behavior is a direct result of poor officiating and years of leniency on the part of these same officials.

Many of the people who complain the loudest about Nastase are the same people who pay to watch his matches and his antics. Nastase is simply giving the crowd what it expects and what it wants. The same thing is true of other controversial athletes such as Joe Namath, Muhammad Ali and Al Hrabosky. As long as the fans pay to see Nastase curse at officials, kick tennis balls into the stands, joke with the crowds, etc., he cannot be blamed for doing what has made him famous and rich.

Meanwhile, we should not forget that like Nastase is a magician with a tennis racket. I would appreciate more articles about his tennis ability and less criticism of his court behavior.

MIKE CASH  
Pueblo, Colo.

## THE MASTERS

Sir,

At the Open, So News Was Bad News (July 4) certainly clears up a few things about this year's Open. But you don't explain why journalists put up with the nonsense William Leggett describes as surrounding the Masters golf tournament. From their stiffness in selecting participants to their absurd presentation ceremony (those who run the Masters sometimes make you wonder whether we really need it). And their high-handedness in preventing the LPGA from having a "Masters" tournament of its own (that go down as one of the all-time acts of impudence). Maybe they won't let your writers on the course next year for telling the truth about them. Maybe they will cut off the power to the network's cameras so it can't watch what is usually a good golf tournament. Great tradition and being pompous don't have to go together.

WM C PARKER  
Genoa, Ohio

## SLOW PITCH, FAST PITCH

Sir,

I find it hard to believe your characterization of fast-pitch softball (it's *Easy Come, Easy Go*, June 13). You say that in fast pitch the ball is only a blur with a steady stream of strikeouts and a minimum of excitement. Fast pitch is a game for skilled, quick-thinking ballplayers. It is certainly more exciting than a game in which there is no stealing, no bunting—and final scores of 46-14. Slow pitch is a game of little strategy and defense, in which you swing, swing, swing. Frankly, slow pitch bores me.

GARY R JOHNSON  
Austin, Texas

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